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A COLLECTION OF

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THE

GENUINE PRODUCTIONS OF A LADY.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

H. Wallis



—DUBLIN.

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TO THE

REVEREND D. PAUL, LL. D.

PREBENDARY OF ST. PATRICK'S,

AND

RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS'S, DUBLIN,

REVEREND SIR,

WHEN, through the partial kindness of my honoured friends, the following pages found their way into the Press, You desired I might dedicate them to a certain Noble Lady, who had then honoured me with her Name, as a Subscriber; at the same time, You pointed out the public advantage that such a Name would insure to the Work.

I acquiesced, in appearance, with Your desire, well knowing, the least intimation of

a

my

my real design, would have induced You to exact a promise inimicable to it, which once given, I must have kept.—To that excellent Lady my heart pays every grateful acknowledgment—but in point of dedication, I was pre-determined.

Forgive then, Sir, the only act of duplicity I ever practised on You; and accept, with wonted kindness, the little Work (which like its Author) owes every favourable circumstance of its present state to Your goodness. Yes, Sir, I owe to your goodness more than any earthly power can pay;—and though You endeavour to conceal good actions, more than other men do bad ones—yet give me leave to remind You, that the same blessed mouth which bid us “do good deeds in secret, did also approve the shining light by which men see those works that glorify our Heavenly Father.”

Forgive

Forgive me, Sir, “of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh”—and fearful to offend by my own words, I have recourse to those, which I know are ever welcome to Your eyes and ears—You have always forbid every private acknowledgment, and with an address peculiar to Yourself, waved every subject that could touch the string of obligation—wonder not then, that Gratitude, like an element obstructed in one passage, should break out in another.

Exclusive of Your patronage and assistance in the Work before You, can I forget, on our return from England (where I had buried in Doctor Johnson’s tomb, all hopes of ever printing) can I forget (or silently remember) Your then unequalled goodness to me and my family?—when our fortunes, more wayward than the waves we had been buffetting, seemed to threaten a general wreck!—Can I forget the
sacred

sacred Pilot who took the helm in our neglected bark, and brought us to "the haven where we would be?"

Yes, Sir, You took with You the words of healing, and by a timely mediation, reconciled the best of Fathers to an affectionate though afflicted son; who has experienced ever since, an increase of his parental bounty and tenderness to himself and family.

Again, when the iron hand, of acute sickness levelled us both at a blow—when our couch, was indeed watered with tears, and we saw our infants round it, like the unfledged offspring of two parent birds, who, taken in a snare, lay helpless, and beheld their young ones hopping round the wires—when in *Me*, the lamp of life seemed glimmering in the socket of exhausted nature—can I forget whose hand
poured

poured in the oil of consolation?—and while, as a Divine, You prepared me for death—as a human friend, You soothed me with the hopes of life.—Your fervent prayers were heard, they went undeputized to Heaven, and found their way direct into his Sacred Presence—who was graciously pleased to spare me to my children, whose little tongues now pay the sincere tribute of their innocent hearts whenever Your name is spoken.

O! my revered friend, had my son lived, it was the perfect living volume of his opening mind, I hoped to have presented to the sacred Patron of his infant innocence,

Bear with me, Sir! my heart dwells with delight on the remembrance of every tender attention You shewed my darling son—and at his death, that last great trial of his doating parents! Can I forget Your frequent visits to
the

the house of mourning—and that while you endeavoured, with the voice of religion, to still the murmurs of nature, I have seen the tears of sympathy steal down the cheek of friendship?

O! ever honoured Sir, the share You took in our afflictions at that period, redoubled every other obligation.

Pardon me, Sir, if led away by the sensations of nature and gratitude, I forgot what I was writing, and have transgressed the general rules of Dedications, by giving the real history of my heart, without one line of flattery, to my Patron,

As to the little Work before You, Sir, Your previous perusal of the greater part of it, excludes all common place apology for its demerits.—I shall only say, that were the lines as faultless as the first sun-beam on a virgin dew-drop, it is at Your feet I should lay them.

Such

Such as they are, I beg you will accept them
with wonted condescension. And believe me
to be, with every grateful sensibility,

Your most dutiful,

And obliged servant,

HENRIETTA BATTIER.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

WHEN, as an humble individual, I reflect on my obligations to a generous Public of both kingdoms, from my first attempt to publish the following pages, to the present favourable period of their existence, my heart swells with gratitude—and, forgetful of the rules I have been drawing these three months, from every well written Preface, presumes to express its own sentiments, in its own manner.

To my Native Country (whose benevolence is a proverb) I pay true filial affection, and though strangers possess my paternal acres, yet, I must say, that strangers also have liberally assisted me, to stock the poetical farms, which Nature, (more provident than my ancestors) parcelled out to me.

But, when I reflect on the kindness of the Sister Kingdom, on whom I had no claim, natural or acquired, my sensations grow too big for utterance—and I can only thank them, with tears of grateful remembrance.

It is now seven years, since, through a series of events, more interesting than those to be met with in most modern novels, the hand of Providence led me to the feet of the late ever to be lamented Doctor SAMUEL JOHNSON, who, through the mist of embarrassment, struck into life a spark of genius, well nigh quenched by the damps of disappointment.—

He

He smiled upon my motive, though introduced in a most unfashionable mode—for I was my own Usher—he bade me hope success—and sealed my pretensions to it, by beginning the subscription with his own name, which he accompanied with the following words: “Don’t
“ be disheartened, my child, I have been often
“ glad of a Subscription myself.”

Those words, I have since used as a talisman, to blunt the arrows which ignorance or avarice have shot at me, during the course of the subscription. But when the hand of Benevolence plucks those thorns from sensibility, it renders gratitude more exquisite, as shades in painting render light more lively. Besides, when we consider that ignorance is a misfortune, and avarice a disease, we should pity and pray for those afflicted with either; more especially, when they fasten on the Sons of the Church. And I question, if the prayer for the Bishops and Curates, has not a
reference

reference to those afflictions; as certainly, nothing less than a great marvel, ever did, or ever will, make an ignorant or an avaricious man, a fit shepherd to a christian flock.

But those reflections have led me, imperceptibly, from the more pleasing retrospect of my first interview with Doctor JOHNSON, in whose rich heart, real learning, unaffected religion, and unshackled philanthropy, were all united; and to whose benevolent friendship I am indebted, for the vast numbers of truly respectable subscribers which are prefixed to this book in the English list. Alas! I little thought, that it was to his memory I should render my acknowledgments for his goodness.

But my honoured Friend is eternally happy! and my artless, humble muse, amidst all it lost, and felt, and suffered, by his death, reaps this one solitary advantage—that the tribute I now pay, can no more be attained of flattery, than the memoirs written by Mrs.

Piozzi

Piozzi can be suspected of truth. And I have the honest confidence to hope, that a generous public, will receive this little Book with the smile of condescending good-nature, when sunk in the obloquy of her own pen, the works of the ungrateful P. feel the canker of that oblivion, from which she herself was dug up, by the generous friendship of that good man, whose confidence she first abused, and then his memory.

I ask pardon for my prolixity; but where the heart is affected, the pen is generally diffusive:—I therefore rely on the universal benevolence which occasions the writing of this preface, to forgive not only the length and imperfections of the preface itself, but also of the humble Work to which it is prefixed: A Work, which I did hope to have printed in London six years ago; Doctor JOHNSON having promised me a few months before his death, to look over and correct as many of the manuscripts

scripts as were then ready for the Press; that melancholy event, with other concurring embarrassments (among which a long and dangerous illness was not the least) foiled my best hopes, in point of publication, and rendered a speedy return to my native country critically indispensable :—here I have at length effected the purpose of printing, under the auspices of such amiable eminence, as renders the Work itself respectable; nor will its English friends shew it less countenance, for owing its birth to a land, whose philanthropy is the only subject Fame cannot say too much of.

To conclude—I present the ensuing pages to the generous Public of both nations, with this grateful assurance—that as a nobler motive than curiosity on their side, or vanity on mine, gave existence TO THE PROTECTED FUGITIVES; so, a milder rule than severe criticism will be used to judge them by.

And

And here I beg leave, most solemnly to assure, all those who may deem Poetry an unfit employment for the mother of a family—that the composition of a poem, never drew me one half hour from the concerns of my husband and children, being, I bless Providence, a better housewife than a poet. Nor should the little Work have obtruded itself on the Public, had not I considered its publication in the light of a domestic duty. The little essays are indeed the genuine effusions of uncultivated nature, as fancy caught the matter from the moment—and I offer them to the world, as the first fruits of a grateful, though wild soil, unaided by the hand of instruction, or the cultivation of learning.



A

L E T T E R

TO THE

RT, HON. SECRETARY H-----T.



PERHAPS those honest lines may please you
better,

Than a more formal and prosaic letter :

Unhackl'd Nature may impress a smile,

And change your manner, as I change my stile ;

One fav'rite project I have still in view,

Which cannot fail, if countenanc'd by *You*.

And recollecting those auspicious days,

When H-----t's friendship blest *my* humble
lays;

B

I well

I well remember, my prophetic quill,
 Wish'd you the place you now so justly fill :
 Humanely complaisant, you told me then,
 That such establishment—should mend my pen.
 On this presuming, when that period came,
 And Fortune woo'd you with the lips of Fame,
 I begg'd an audience—but on ent'ring found—
 The cold enchantment of the Castle ground ;
 My Friend was gone ! and I saw nothing there
 But—the Right Honourable *Secrétaire* ;
 Contracted features, which I had not known,
 But for their symmetry—to be thy own,
 Spoke my dismiss.—Alas ! how changed from
 Him,

Whose former goodness—tho' perhaps a whim,
 On Mem'ry's tablet shall for ever hold
 A place, too sacred to be bought with gold,

Surprized—embarrass'd—disconcerted—mute !
 A worse than awkwardness o'eraw'd my suit ;
 The Muse indignant, from my project flew,
 I feign'd Plebeian business—and withdrew.

A plain

A plain denial can with ease be born,
 But cold civility's th' keenest scorn :
 Excuse plain dealing, Sir, and condescend
 Some lines to pardon, and the rest befriend ;
 Assist *her* writings to Preferment's shelf,
 Who boldly dar'd to wish *you* were *yourself* ;
 And, tho' presiding at the helm of state,
 Be H——t still, and amiable as great.

A N

A D D R E S S

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

ON HIS ARRIVAL.

WHILE fawning crowds each hackney'd mode
employ,
To speak a welcome by mechanic joy,
Yet, pre-determin'd every act to scan,
And hate the Viceroy, ere they know the Man.
An humble twig of unregarded bays,
Bids honest welcome, tho' in rustic phrase.

And may the wayward Genius of this isle,
Thy conduct mark with approbation's smile,
Safe may't thou steer, upheld by Truth and Sense,
'Tween Adulation and Impertinence;

Unmoved

Unmoved by either, may'st thou rule the helm,
 And tune to Concord this discordant realm.
 With cool contempt, behold th' imperial tribe
 Of patriot Printers, bello'ing for a bribe,
 Who in my mem'ry, or for pique or pelf,
 Each Ruler lash'd, from Townsend to thyself:
 And now, forgetful of a Chatham's fame,
 Would blast as well the Genius as the Name.

For me, unvers'd in all the varied rules
 Either of courtly or poetic schools,
 For me, whose pen has yet ne'er wrong'd my
 heart,

I'll act an honest, tho' an humble part;
 And tho' I come unfriended and alone,
 Yet, let the motive for the mode atone,
 And should my suit no favour'd audience find,
 The silent sigh shall prove my soul resign'd;
 A mother's ardent wishes, to enlarge
 The stinted fortunes of an infant charge,
 Inspires my pen, and will, I trust, excuse,
 The anxious Parent, and the humble Muse.

AN

(6)

AN

O D E,

ON

LADY WESTMORELAND'S DELAY,

OCCASIONED BY CONTRARY WINDS,

PRESENTED TO

H I S E X C E L L E N C Y

THE DAY BEFORE HER LADYSHIP'S ARRIVAL.

OH, Eastern wind, what Cambrian spell,
So long confines thee in thy cell?

Or have the Druids of that shore,
Enamour'd with the beauteous prize,
That wind-bound in their harbour lies,
Brib'd Thee, false wind to blow no more?

II.

II.

Each flow'ry shrub, already green,
 In Erin's vales, await their queen,
 And leafy Spring, in emerald vest,
 With haste unusual has appear'd,
 As if the genial season fear'd,
 To meet her lovely eyes undrest.

III.

Oh, Westmoreland, thou fairest fair,
 The child of Love, the Graces' care!
 The partial wind to thy soft plaints,
 Will yield thy treasur'd sweetness o'er,
 To ancient Erin's fruitful shore,
 The nurse of Beauty—Isle of Saints,

IV.

IV.

But if deny'd the Eastern gales,
Thy husband's sighs shall swell the sails,
And waft thee to his faithful breast;
Who feels the toils and toys of state,
A lifeless, dull, insipid weight,
Till of thy beauties repossess,

ON READING
LORD BOLINGBROKE'S
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

WRITTEN
IN THE AUTHOR'S 22D YEAR.

WHEN I survey the Works of those great men,
(Falsely so call'd) who dar'd with impious pen,
To 'front or doubt th'all forming word of God—
His mercies slight, and brave his iron rod;
My eyes revert from the unhallow'd strains,
And life's warm blood lies curdling in my veins.
How dare the creature treat his MAKER so,
Or with his own best gift oblige his foe!
They plead for Nature and her laws alone,
Thro' wilful error—not obedience own:

C

But

But grant her laws as faultless as they're wild,
 Ruling alike the man, his beast or child;
 Say, that from them departing we should err,
 Her rules being right, as those great men aver;
 Who from confusion in such order brought,
 This glorious system so divinely taught?
 Whose voice did Chaos in such haste obey,
 When Nature yet in her dark entrails lay?
 Who call'd forth Day from the impregnant womb
 Of ancient Night's impenetrable gloom;
 When all God's sons rejoic'd with awful mirth,
 And morning planets hail'd the glorious Birth:
 When each glad ev'ning to the Saints was given—
 The work of Earth—to solemnize in Heaven?—
 Who, but the Son of God—the Truth, the Light,
 The Word—begotten of Eternal Might?
 They start a question foolish as prophane,
 Production worthy an Apostate's brain;
 There hatch'd by Ignorance, who first begun
 Tempting to ask, " Could God *beget* a Son?"
 Thou reasoning Idiot, such a phrase to use,
 Where folly only can the crime excuse:

Could'st

Could'st thou, of thine own will, a father be ?
 Or does Conception wait on thy decree ?
 Is not a Being infinitely great,
 As powerful to *beget* as to *create* ?
 Leave off disputing then, and henceforth learn,
 'Tis wiser to believe than to discern :—
 Those awful mysteries which Heaven design'd,
 To be the implicit Faith of all mankind :
 Reason, as instinct, Bolingbroke defin'd,
 Exalted only in the human mind ;
 But how the essential diff'rence to explain,
 The learn'd Apostate has explor'd in vain.
 Reason, thou reasoner, is the image bright
 Of him that made us—and to use it right
 Their gift peculiar—that to him apply ;
 Who tho' inhabiting eternity,
 To infant years that science has reveal'd,
 Which from the wise and prudent he conceal'd :
 Yet oft, Sympronius like, in borrow'd plumes,
 Vice, mix'd with Cunning, Reason's robe assumes ;
 With specious sophistry, perverting still,
 The rights of Nature, and our own free-will.

Thus,

Thus Uriel, on the sun-beam, was deceiv'd,
 By fair appearance, and the fiend believ'd :
 Beneath free-will they cloak licentiousness,
 And forge from thence a licence to transgress :
 While choice, as acting principles, confess,
 And darling passions, are approv'd the best,
 Because they like them best, ye fools and blind,
 Nature's corrupted choice was ne'er design'd,
 To rule free-will, and lord it o'er mankind. }
 Did kings with subtle sensualists agree,
 No free-born subject could a traitor be :
 As free, yet faithful agents, we may use
 The glorious privilege, but not abuse.
 Bound up by Fate, what proofs to bounteous
 Heaven,

Of man's *sincere* obedience could be given ?
 To prove or be approv'd it must be free,
 For what reward awaits necessity ?
 Again to leave him in erroneous maze,
 With instinct only to direct his ways :
 In shape alone, superior to the brute,
 Are notions which attempting to refute,

Would

Would call in question the refuter's sense,
 And swell absurdity to consequence :
 Unerring Wisdom, no imperfect plan
 Could e'er devise—and its prime work was Man !
 In sinless knowledge, as in growth mature,
 Man was made perfect, as was Nature pure :
 Her laws were then, *indeed*, the rules of right,
 When Nature's God was seen by Nature's Light :
 Fair beyond fair, Creation open'd first,
 Ere tempted Woman made the soil accurst ;
 Ere Satan triumph'd in the serpent form,
 When ruin'd Adam curst the subtle worm ;
 That God foreknew the death devoting hour,
 Nor taints his justice, mercy, or his power ;
 His power, 'tis true, obedience could compel,
 And so per-force, prevent them to rebel :
 But, as before observ'd—would that approve,
 Man's free-will service, or his Maker's love ?
 Love, which while sin in embryo remain'd,
 A glorious remedy had pre-ordain'd,
 A ransom great his rigour to remove,
 And reinstate us in paternal love ;

Appointing

Appointing Conscience, in our ruin'd state,
 A faithful Monitor, an umpire great;
 Who for its charge, all trembling from within,
 Pulls hard the check-string, and forbids the sin:
 Yet what we like we easily believe,
 And passion's flatterers we all receive.
 Thus, a good lawyer, in a guilty cause,
 With his smooth tongue insensibly withdraws
 From their true meaning our perverted laws. }
 The arrested sentence in its destined course,
 Stops short, impell'd by the resistless force
 Of one, whom nature on his silver tongue,
 Th'all conquering power of elocution hung;
 Forthwith to falsehood the decree is given,
 While Truth, abash'd, moves her appeal to
 Heaven.

ADDRESSED

ADDRESSED TO AN

OFFICER'S WIDOW,

AFTER THE

AMERICAN WAR.

THE sorrows of thy widow'd bed,
 Have wrung my heart and reach'd my head;
 The mourning muse her harp has strung,
 Nor shall thy Soldiers be unsung.
 Thy Soldiers, surely I may say,
 For Sons and Husband fought their way:
 Thy dear companion's dying words,
 The ear of Memory still records.
 I feel the sigh that wrung his breast,
 Where all the Father stood confest;
 Too oft his valour had been try'd,
 To think for life the vet'ran sigh'd;
 In every pang that wrung his breast,
 His Wife and Children were confest;

His

His Wife—all gracious Heaven controul
The bitter anguish of her soul!

And may the more than Gilead's balm
Of heavenly peace, thy sorrows calm;
Restrain thy grief, for God ordains
More lasting joy in what remains:

* Nor think the blessing miss'd its aim,
On those who wrapp'd in glory's flame,
At least preserve a deathless name.

† The darling of thy heart and arms,
Who stood the shock of war's alarms,
His dear and precious life to yield,
Who brav'd and 'scap'd the bloody field.

Yet tho' the God of battles said,
He should be number'd with the dead:
His wisdom also will'd it so,

He fell not by his country's foe:
With thoughts compos'd in calmer plight,
His favour'd spirit took its flight,
To the blest realms of true delight.

But

* Her husband died when his children were abroad.

† Her eldest son died of a fever in St. Lucie.

But now let Fancy wondering view,
 While Death's keen shafts promiscuous flew,
 With all its horrors compass'd round,
 Where prostrate on the blood-sap'd ground,
 With struggling breath and languid eye,
 * The limb-lopp'd warrior begs to die :
 And henceforth learn ye vainly wise,
 That here true knowledge only lies ;
 In meek submission to HIS will,
 By whose command you've Robert still ;
 To guard his life a shield was given,
 From out the armoury of Heaven ;
 His line of life th' Almighty drew,
 And round th' obnoxious bullets flew :
 The horrid extasies of fight,
 Still fir'd his soul, tho' dim'd his sight.
 Oh ! Fancy, shift the mournful scene,
 Let present comforts intervene
 Since thrice twelve moons have roll'd between }
 The mercies of Almighty love,
 With glad obedience let's improve ;

D

And

* Her youngest son had his leg shot off at Trenton.

And wond'ring, worship when we see,
The youth thus sav'd to comfort thee :
Thus glean'd from death by heav'nly power,
To blefs thee in thy latest hour :

AN OCCASIONAL

EPILOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF ZENOBIA,

*Acted by Gentlemen, for the support of the Charity
School in Drogheda, under the Patronage of the
Rev. Smyth Loftus, in the year 1781.*

YOU'RE all surpriz'd to see your Heroine* come,
With no funeral pomp, no muff'd drum,
No Roman Consuls with black palls and fashes,
No golden urn to catch my royal ashes;
No, no;—give me the gold without in-urning,
For I ne'er lik'd this Heathen mode of burning;
Besides, indeed, I could not think of leaving
Such worth, such beauty, for Zenobia grieving:
Then, be assur'd, the nuptial draught had merit,
For absolutely it has rais'd my spirit!

But

* Zenobia's part was performed by Mrs. O'Keeffe.

But not a lying spirit, tittle tattle,
 Such as beguil'd poor Ahab to the battle.
 I come to tell you with what true delight,
 I saw the great Performers of this night,
 Whose graceful actions and expressive faces
 Gave to the Tragic Muse ten thousand graces ;
 Each voice, without pomposity, was strong,
 And well-tim'd periods, closing sweet as song,
 Like solemn music, by the Moon's chaste light,
 Refin'd each rapture of the Poet's flight ;
 But such a cause, espous'd by such a friend,
 As Heaven did in their bounteous patron lend,
 To help such innocence, and please such worth,
 Who would not call their best endowments forth ?
 * My husband's brother rightly chose a part,
 So well adapted to his form and heart ;
 A form which Heaven and Nature has design'd,
 As the fair mirror to a fairer mind :
 Nay, smile not ladies, tho' I speak in rapture,
 Zenobia's heart can fear no second capture :

The

* Teribafus by Captain Smyth.

The king reigns there unrival'd and alone,
 But Ladies, guard the passes to your own,
 And pity me, who one way or another,
 Must lose all right and title to his brother;
 Why, on my life, we might as well have drown'd,
 As thus to separate when we both were found:
 The worst indeed, of a dramatic wedding
 Is—that it never terminates in bedding.

BURLESQUE

B U R L E S Q U E

O N A

L E T T E R

*Written by a Lawyer, to a very young Girl at School,
and sent by a very ragged old Woman.*

Copy of the Letter, verbatim.

“ My dear Miss,

“ WHAT day will you come to Irishtown—

“ I languish for that pleasure—you may depend

“ upon the strictest honour and delicacy,

“ your’s,

“ YOU KNOW WHO.”

To that audacious unknown fribble,
Who dar’d to send an odious quibble,
Which treated of mysterious matters,
By an old Woman all in tatters;
Writes she, who hates impertinence,
And wonders at his lack of sense,

With

With words ambiguous to bewilder,
The heads of undefining *childer* ;
And tho' his delicacy's honour,
May languish to impose upon her,
She here begs leave to let him know,
To Irishtown she will not go,
Nor stir the heel-rand of her shoe,
To visit there—She knows not who.

ADDRESSED

A D D R E S S E D

AND PRESENTED TO

L O R D C A R L I S L E,

By the Author, in the year 1781.

T H R I C E welcome greatly amiable Carlisle,
 To blest Hibernia's heav'n remember'd isle;
 While Bards of consequence, supinely great,
 Secure of pleasing, for preferment wait,
 Through all the tedious twining forms of state,
 To thee, my Lord, an inexperienc'd Muse,
 For pardon, pity, and protection sues:
 'Tis not the Viceroy, but Carlisle, to whom
 With awful joy, and trembling hope I come;
 Nor think Presumption has inspir'd my lays,
 For be assur'd, I write—for bread, not bays.
 Then smiling, pity me, while I confess,
 A vision prompted me to this address.

Wrapt

Wrapt up in thoughts, most melancholy mood,
 Beside old Liffey's bank, methought I stood,
 The tide, tho' full, was as a mirror even,
 And mildly radiant was the face of Heaven:
 Methought 'twas morning, and the rising sun,
 With new-born glories on the water shone;
 My soul expanded with the grateful sense,
 Of all the wonders of Omnipotence;
 Yet, waking cares so much o'erpower'd my sleep,
 That still, methought, reflection made me weep,
 A pleasing languor overcast my mind,
 Calm, tho' aggriev'd, and feelingly resign'd:
 When, lo! a voice divinely awful cry'd,
 'Twas Fate that spoke, good Fortune's in the
 tide:

In yon tall vessel, anchor'd in the bay,
 Comes Genius, vested with the regal sway,
 Low at his feet, with supplication, bend—
 Apollo's favourite will be Harriot's friend;
 Pleas'd with the thought, I woke, and found it
 true,

For the great guns just fir'd to welcome you!

A N

A C R O S T I C K.

I NSPIRE my verses and assist their flight,
O Muse immortal! for the subject's bright:
H elp my aspiring thoughts, that boldly climb,
N igh to the more than Cicero of his time.

S truck with astonishment, the Muse divine,
 C ries out, not all the numbers of the Nine,
 O r Phœbus self, could equal your design! }
 T hen dearest Sir, forgive a scribbling elf,
 T he theme's too great for any but yourself.

S O N G,

BY DESIRE,

IN HONOUR OF FREE-MASONRY.

THE praise of Free-Masonry sure does belong
To a Bard more expert at poetical song,
Yet the social community will not disdain
My attempts in their service, tho' humble my
Strain.

C H O R U S.

Then blest be their meetings, and blest be their
lives,
While no order on earth like Free-Masonry
thrives.

Their

Their genuine merit what pen can set forth?
When the pomp of expression but injures their
worth :
Like the vessels which Hiram brought forth from
the mold,
Whose intrinsic value could never be told.

C H O R U S.

Thus virtue and concord increase with their lives,
And no order on earth like Free-Masonry thrives.

For the want of integrity some keep at bay,
For Free-Masons always perform what they say ;
Unanimous, grateful, pure-hearted, and just,
A Free-Mason always is true to his trust.

C H O R U S.

The dictates of honour still ruling their lives,
No order on earth like Free-Masonry thrives.

At a Free-Mason's meeting you ever will find
Good humour, good sense, and good nature
 combin'd,
Their hearts, like their order, still sacred to truth,
In old age, confirming the friendships of youth.

C H O R U S.

Thus blest in their meetings, so blest be their
 lives,
While no order on earth like Free-Masonry
 thrives.

From the Monarch, the Subject, tho' indigent,
 finds
Unalter'd esteem, if Free-Masonry binds,
Thus you'd think that their secret was Friendship
 alone,
For to them, and them only, its strictures are
 known.

C H O R U S.

Reciprocal blessings thus sweet'ning their lives,
No order on earth like Free-Masonry thrives.

And

And tho' babblers and blockheads will dare to
condemn,

A system too great and too sacred for them,
Yet all who a clear understanding can boast,
Still make a Free-Mason their friend and their
toast.

C H O R U S.

Thus honour'd their system, and honest their
lives,

No order on earth like Free-Masonry thrives.

At a Free-mason's Lodge no schismatical broil,
Or party dispute, can their unity spoil,
Their hearts and discourses harmoniously join,
For God's their Grand-Master, and Virtue their
Sign.

C H O R U S.

Thus blest in their meetings, so blest be their
lives,

While no order on earth like Free-Masonry
thrives.

The

The Monarch, whose wisdom all nations revere,
Thought a Free-Mason's Lodge its most eminent
sphere,

And the Muses (if Masculine) sure would unite,
In a Free-Mason's Lodge on Olympus's height.

C H O R U S.

Thus wit, love, and wisdom, illumine their lives,
And no order on earth like Free-Masonry thrives.

S O L I L O Q U Y

I N T H E

T I M E O F A F F L I C T I O N .

O H ! thou, who guardedst all my infant days,
 And fill'd my mouth (then guiltless) with thy
 praise,

Have mercy now, and to a wretch return,
 Despised by all, dejected and forlorn !
 Behold my tears, and stay the iron rod
 Of thy just judgments, my offended God.
 Thou, who to humbl'd Ahab, lent thine ear,
 And spar'd the Ninivites, when death was near,
 Spare me, oh, God ! and with a Father's eye,
 To the returning Prodigal draw nigh ;

Speak,

Speak, gracious Lord, in Mercy's still small
voice,

And make the bones which thou hast broke
rejoice ;

Blot out the errors of unguarded youth,
And yet, oh ! yet, direct me in thy truth ;
To that great feast admit me as a guest,
Where pardon'd finners find eternal rest !

A N

E L E G Y,

ON THE DEATH OF THE

A U T H O R ' s C H I L D.

INTOMB'D in dust, my much lov'd MARY
lies,

To cruel Death an early sacrifice ;
Inexorable shade, whose fatal dart
Pierc'd, thro' her life, her wretch'd mother's
heart :

For thy dear sake each ill, content I'd bear,
Joy of my eyes, and down of all my care ;
On thy sweet cheek my weary head I'd lay,
And every sorrow ended with the day :
Thy early play announc'd the coming morn,
And blest with thee, I welcom'd its return :

Endearments

Endearments nameless, lull'd my griefs to sleep,
And fix'd on thee, my eyes forgot to weep ;
But now, down each sad cheek, tear chafes
tear.

Companions faithful of each woe-worn year ;
All day disconsolate thy mother mourns,
And thy lov'd image with the night returns ;
Of all my hoard of comfort thus bereft,
Nor child, nor friend, nor parent, am I left.
Yet sure our faults are of so deep a hue,
Severer punishments from him are due,
Whose ways are just, and all his judgments
true !

For tho' a victim to the grisly king,
My infant angel scap'd Death's keenest sting;
Sinless she went to her Redeemer pure,
Her conflict short, her endless bliss secure.
Then dearest MARY, I resign'd will be,
And bless the Almighty for his kind decree,
With eyes of Faith, I'll look to Heaven's abode,
And see thee walking with the Lamb of God;
There

There bend my wishes, there direct my eyes,
There fix my heart, for there my treasure lies.
And oh! Creator dear, Redeemer mild,
In thy own time, unite me to my child!

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN LONDON,

IN THE YEAR, 1783,

T O A

DISTINGUISHED CHARACTER.

REGARDLESS of those tyrant rules,

By fashion made to fetter fools,

Exempt from Nature's grand design ;

Canst thou, great Sir, to my request,

However strange and oddly drest,

A gracious ear incline ?

And while the powers which Nature hung

Upon thy all resistless tongue,

Can hold the wond'ring senate mute.

From all this weight of public care,

A moment's private audience spare,

To grace a female stranger's suit

Whose

Whose breast, like Sheba's swarthy dame,
Has caught the warmth of Wisdom's flame,
And begs access to you ;
Whose worth, on Fame's large pinions bore,
Long since has reach'd her native shore,
Now moist with Freedom's dew.

A FRAGMENT.

F R A G M E N T.

WRITTEN IN LONDON,

WHEN THE QUEEN WAS GIVEN OVER.

THE Lord's anointed bows his sacred head,
While strong affliction rends his royal breast;
The long lov'd partner of his throne and bed,
To him, seems entering her eternal rest.
He sees, for sorrow our ideas swell,
He sees his Charlotte bid her George farewell,

The perfect model of all human worth,
Divine Physician, in thy mercy, save,
The wholesome strength of thy right hand put forth,
And disappoint the too presumptuous grave!

L I N E S

(40)

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO

SIR ROBERT SCOTT, M. D.

BY THE AUTHOR,

Whom he attended through a dangerous illness.

NEXT to that power, whose sovereign hand,
Unlocks the gates of life and death,
By whose all-merciful command,
I still retain my vital breath.

Next to his mercy, and his power,
To thee, O SCOTT, my thankful heart,
The tribute of that awful hour,
In grateful strains would fain impart.

When Death and Nature were at strife,
And even Hope forsook my breast;

When

When all the tenderest ties of life,
With farewell pangs, my soul oppress.

While with an anxious languid eye,
I view'd my prattling babes at play,
Maternal fondness urg'd the sigh,
That scarce had power to heave its way.

'Twas then *thy* care stept in to save,
From Death's keen jaws, my shatter'd frame,
To disappoint the yawning grave,
And spare me still, a mother's name.

Tho' great the danger, greater still,
(For Heav'n to thy advice gave aid)
Appear'd thy all-superior skill,
In comfort's sacred garb array'd.

But how can words express the sense,
(Rever'd Physician, honour'd friend)
Of thoughts, where gratitude intense,
To language deigns not to descend?

O! then do thou, like Heav'n accept,
The warm effusions of her breast,
Whose best acknowledgments are wept,
And truly felt, tho' ill exprest.

REFLECTIONS

R E F L E C T I O N S

ON THE

L A M E N T E D D E A T H

OF THE LATE

D U K E O F R U T L A N D.

OH, Death! inexplicable shadow, say,
Why are the young, the beauteous, and the gay,
Mark'd out, resistless tyrant, for thy prey?

Why could not nature's every social charm,
Summ'd up in RUTLAND, thy fell rage disarm?
Could not the ripening honours of his life,
His unfledg'd offspring, or his beauteous wife,
Nor all the worth of his illustrious race,
Obdurate Death, restrain thy cold embrace?

Thy bill, Mortality, when drawn on fight,
Accepts no surety, admits no flight;

But

But the grim officer with ruthless hand,
Arrests the lords, and rulers of the land.

Great Debt of Nature—certain end of All,
Transgressions forfeiture, on Adam's fall;
The captive exile in his gloomy cell,
Condemn'd with darkness and disease to dwell,
Oft lifts to thee, the supplicating eye,
And heaves the broken, yet impatient sigh;
Courts thy approach, and to thy deadly dart,
Bears with a bridegroom's haste his bleeding
heart;

O'er him the tyrant, with protracted pain,
Spurs the pale steed, but yet holds in the rein;
With lingering dissolution mocks his hope,
And by degrees, gives all his terrors scope.

Not so, with RUTLAND, whose illustrious birth,
Mark'd him the favorite of Heaven and earth,
Smooth on a golden sea his bark did sail,
Where Fortune's canvas swell'd with Pleasure's
gale;

Beset alike, with danger and delight,
From grandeur's tow'ring yet delusive height;

Behold,

Behold! and tremble, oh! ye sons of earth,
 Who dare to boast of fortune, power or birth.
 RUTLAND, the great, the generous and the brave,
 Lodg'd in the silent chambers of the grave.
 The noble youth, in life, and honour's bloom,
 When the dire shaft that rankled with his doom,
 From out his breast no human force could drag,
 Struck Nature's colours to Death's awful flag,
 While absence from his bosom's better part,
 Urg'd the strong pang, that rent his manly heart.
 And sure, lamented shade, thy fleeting breath,
 Inscib'd the motto, of—*Remember Death!*

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD VISCOUNT CLONMEL.

THINK not my heart, as tardy as my hand,
To thank your goodness—no; 'twas Heaven's
command,
That swift as thought th'envenom'd arrow sped,
Aim'd at my heart, but rested on my head.
Without a metaphor, I've been so ill,
That from my trembling hand I dropt the quill,
While forcing entrance at each frighten'd vein,
A burning fever held its midnight reign.
Torn from their mother's arms my babes I view'd,
And my lone pillow, with my tears bedew'd;
I saw (for sorrow each idea swells)
I saw my children sob their last farewells;

But

But Heaven in pity to their helpless years,
 Has spar'd their mother's life, and dry'd their
 tears.

My heart, now moist with health's refreshing
 dew,

Sends its best wishes, and its thanks to you ;
 Forgive this freedom, but I know your heart
 As warm with mercy, as 'tis void of art ;
 I scorn to flatter, yet would fain express,
 In Nature's simplest, unaffected dress,
 Those strong sensations of a thinking mind,
 To rule unknown, to measure unconfin'd.
 I wish to thank that condescending grace,
 That flush'd each happy feature of your face,
 With more than beauty, while your words
 dispell'd

The fears that aw'd me, and the doubts that
 quell'd ;

When apprehensive, lest I might offend,
 I sought your council, both as Judge and Friend ;
 The quick discernment of those piercing eyes,
 That with the virtue of a brilliant vies,

Saw

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The quick discernment of those piercing eyes,
That with the virtue of a brilliant vies,

Saw

Saw how my purpose struggled for a birth,
 And held the sceptre of good-humour forth.
 O! that my pen, with my soul's warmth could
 bless,

The voice that hail'd my project with success;
 But words cou'd never paint (tho' on my tongue)
 Like thine the powers of elocution hung,
 Those first-born ardors of a grateful soul,
 That down the cheek in tears of fervor roll.
 Since then strong thinking, proves expression
 weak,

I'll sigh the blessing that I cannot speak,
 And may that Power, whose universal ken
 Unseen, pervades the hearts and ways of men,
 With lengthen'd blessings Time's approach disguise,
 Large as thy heart, and poignant as thy eyes;
 May rosy health thy habitation seek,
 Dance round thy board, and mantle on thy cheek;
 May'st thou, my friend, for many, many years,
 Defend the poor, and dry the orphan's tears;
 'Fill acts of mercy, dignify thee more,
 Than place, or title, interest, wealth or pow'r;
And

And green-ey'd Envy (self devouring fiend,
By art or avarice no longer screen'd)
Expiring own, the sacred seat receives
As much judicial glory, as it gives :
May a long life, in peace and honour trod,
Belov'd by mankind, and approv'd of God,
Transmit thy soul, disburden'd of its clay,
To the bright regions of eternal day.

EDWIN AND ANNA.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

SAYS Edwin the Miller, to Ann of the Dale,
 Wil't thou listen a while to an honest man's tale?
 Tho' poor my expression, my heart it is true,
 A heart that surrenders, sweet Maiden to you.

II.

Tho' humble my cottage, and cover'd with thatch,
 Good store of provision lies under its latch;
 My cattle breed fast, and thank Fortune my mill,
 Except on a holiday, never stands still.

III.

My garden, now blooming, presents to my view,
 A lively resemblance, dear Maiden, of you,
 Where beauty and sweetness, together combine,
 Oh! perfect the likeness, and be also mine.

IV.

IV.

Your cottage looks lonely, and seems to
persuade,
The union I seek for, my beautiful maid;
Then give me thy hand, and subscribing my wife,
Make a bridegroom to night, and a lover for
life.

V.

Prepossess in his favour, and happy to find
The man she esteem'd had unlock'd all his mind,
Tho' chasten'd with prudence, her speaking blue
eyes,
Gave signals propitious, and thus she replies.

VI.

Unused to deception, I gratefully own,
Should I change my estate, it is Edwin alone,
Whose offers abstracted from interest or art,
Claim precedence by right, to my hand and my
heart.

VII.

VII.

But marriage, I've oft heard the wise ones
 decline,
 As a state where unnumber'd vexations combine;
 That sweet without bitter, we never can prove,
 And the cares more than equal, the pleasures of
 love.

VIII.

The wise ones you speak of, young Edwin replies,
 Had not lips red as coral, or sapphire blue eyes:
 No, no, dearest Anna, not wisdom but rage,
 For neglect in their youth, has embitter'd their
 age.

IX.

Then heed not their maxims, but give me thy
 hand,
 In obedience to Nature's more lib'ral command,
 She gave him her hand, which young Edwin
 imprest
 With a kiss, that bespoke all the joy in his breast.

X.

Now blessing, and blest, they together improve,
The unspeakable transports of virtue and love:
Their cattle breed fast, and their fortunate mill,
Except on a holiday, never lies still.

V E R S E S,

ADDRESSED TO

MR. T R O T T E R,

*On the Author's seeing two Pictures of his Painting
for the Earl of Belvedere.*

*The Subjects were, Venus and Adonis, and
Cynthia and Endymion.*

TROTTER, thou eldest born of genuine taste,
Why in this isle unjustly do you waste
Those shining talents, which indulgent heav'n
In such profusion to thy charge has giv'n!
Full well thou know'st, to gain their lawful prize,
The sons of Science quit their native skies,
As if when fire-eyed Genius was begot
Elate with hope, the proud maternal spot

Had

Had vow'd the illustrious offspring of her womb
Should spread her fame abroad, or starve at
home.

To Albion then, thou loiterer repair,
Nor doubt of honours and preferment there;
There sanction'd science tunes her sweetest chord,
And active genius meets its due reward ;
In glowing tints the British Belles pourtray,
And be the *Reynolds* of a future day.
Besides, auxiliary powers thy fancy grace,
Puzzling the pleas'd idea, where to place
Thy fort of excellence, where genius sits,
And lesser beams from her bright throne emits ;
For in thy landscape, where the travell'd eye
Receives delusion for reality,
Judgment herself, of that mistake aware,
Would fix the standard of perfection there ;
Till that as fond suggestion to oppose,
The human form in awful beauty grows,
Who sees, unmoved, the round progressive
charms,
In the fond stretching of Dione's arms ;

Or

Of the more soft, yet more effective grace,
 Which Belvidera's likeness gives the face;
 The light judicious, breaking on the neck,
 And the loose robe the bolder eye to check;
 The foot that from the nether folding swerves,
 Where anxious fondness seems to string the
 nerves;
 The infant love, throughout whose perfect
 form,
 Each mazy vein with real life seems warm;
 The charming youth, half tempted to employ
 The coming hour amidst the proffer'd joy;
 Half yielding now, he meets the fond embrace,
 And half averted, eyes the fatal chase,
 Till Fame's mad fever musculates his arm,
 To spurn indignant every softer charm.
 But to describe the picture, would require
 Thy own, or Angelo's extatic fire;
 The soul of Genius breathes through ev'ry part,
 And Nature startles at the force of Art;
 Like Sedly's pen, thy pencil can at will,
 By chaste expressive images instil,

The

The sweet, tho' subtle poison of desire,
And in the Moon's cold orbit kindle fire.
For thee, indeed, she shed her kindest beam,
Nor blest Endymion, with a brighter dream :
See the fair cloud emit the form divine,
And proudly own the glorious thought was
thine.

L E T T E R

T O A

F R I E N D,

On the DEATH of his INFANT DAUGHTER,

NOR wit, nor genius, in those lines have part,
 They come, my Friend, *verbatim*, from the heart,
 A heart, tho' full of sorrow, known to few,
 Which yet finds room to sympathize with you.
 Would that my sympathy could give relief,
 For none but parents know a parent's grief:
 I've felt the pang, when Nature forced its way,
 And the big drops bedew'd the sleeping clay;
 When every little plaything, every place,
 Where Memory's eye, her little ways could trace,
 The

The impetuous torrent of my grief renew'd,
 And tottering reason saw my soul subdu'd.
 But I was left unhusbanded, alone,
 And the green turf receiv'd each pensive moan ;
 Three tendril branches and the mother vine,
 Still prop thy life and round thy bosom twine.
 Then be compos'd, nor grudge the babe to God,
 Who sign'd her passport to his own abode ;
 He saw the blossom of diviner root,
 And to its native heaven consign'd the fruit ;
 A glorious certainty has clos'd the strife
 Of Nature, struggling for precarious life ;
 Gladly her guardian Angel bore away
 Its precious charge, to everlasting day.
 Look forward then, and on the wings of hope,
 Give each sublimer thought unbounded scope,
 Patience, I know's a stoical relief,
 A cant word common, in the time of grief,
 Which monsters, destitute of feeling quote,
 Using, like parrots, what they've got by rote ;
 But far for ever from a friendly heart,
 To stifle Nature in her tend'rest part.

Thy

Thy tears, my friend, I wish not to restrain,
 They're Nature's med'cine, when the minds in
 pain ;

Dry murmur melts to acquiescence meek,
 When soft regretting drops steal down the cheek.
 Farewell, my eyes spontaneously attest a truth,
 Which sorrow taught me in the bloom of youth.
 Farewell again, and may th'all gracious God,
 Who (tho' chastizing,) dips in balm the rod,
 His grace impart, tho' vexed in the storm,
 His name to hallow, and his will perform.

(61)

A N

E P I T A P H

ON THE LATE

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

ENCLOSED IN A LETTER TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WHEN on the banks of Jordan's hallow'd
flood,

The Heav'n-wrapt Prophet's favour'd servant flood,
He caught a portion of the fervid flame,
And smote the water in his master's name,
While junior Prophets cry'd, the stream attests
Elijah's spirit on Elisha rests.

So, if a Bard, by secret impulse led
To solemn musing, midst the honour'd dead,

Fix'd

Fix'd to this spot, in extacy of thought,
 Where JOHNSON'S ashes, consecrate the vault,
 Where sleeping Virtue rests in holy hope,
 And teaches Death, to give idea scope;
 Should he, responsive to the worth he sings,
 For thee, oh, JOHNSON! tune the trembling
 strings?

A double portion of the sacred fire
 That warm'd Thy breast, must animate his lyre.
 Man may lament, but Heaven alone can raise
 The numbers adequate, to JOHNSON'S praise.

VERSES

(63)

V E R S E S,

T O

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS;

WITH THE PRECEDING.

YES, glorious artist, let the task be thine;
For JOHNSON'S tomb to plan the great design,
Let thy warm pencil wreath the well-earned
bays,
And make immortal as his soul his praise.
Prince of that science, whose enlarg'd controul,
Gives grace to Nature, and to Beauty foul.
Should the enclos'd effusions of a mind
Sincerely grateful, thy acceptance find,
For him, whose genius like the fruitful Nile,
Inrich'd the language of Heaven's favourite isle;
Accept

Accept the tribute of her heart, not head,
 Who lov'd him living, and laments him dead ;
 And if our language, unprov'd, may claim
 On Johnson's monument—in Johnson's name
 To speak her sorrows and engrave her fame ;
 Do Thou, whose all-creative thoughts ascend
 To Heaven itself, the aspiring hope befriend ;
 For Johnson's sake the bold design forgive
 And like the canvas, make the verses live.

L E T T E R

T O

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

S I R,

I HOPE the grateful sincerity of my design, will excuse to the heart of Doctor Johnson's friend its other imperfections; and though silencing your judgment, find an advocate in your good-nature; for that great men make great allowances, the ever to be lamented Johnson taught me. I was honoured with his friendship; and though a stranger in London, his name was a bulwark to my endeavours. I hoped to have made my children list it. Forgive me, Sir, were I to follow the dictates of my heart, in telling you of his goodness, I should forget the post, and write a volume.

K

I beg

I beg a line, in hopes of hearing that you are not displeased at the receipt of this little packet; and am, Sir, with my best wishes to the soul of Genius, in your person

S I R,

Your dutiful and

Obliged Servant,

HENRIETTA BATTIER.

P A R A P H R A S E

O N

F O U R C H A P T E R S,

O F

S O L O M O N ' s S O N G.

WRITTEN IN THE AUTHOR'S THIRTEENTH YEAR.

THE song of songs, which Solomon, when fir'd
With zeal prophetic, sung, and heav'nly love
inspir'd.

II.

Let him the kisses of his mouth impart,
Far more than wine, delightful to the heart.

III.

Thy name, like ointment pour'd, diffuses round
Divine sensations, with the heavenly sound.

Fr augh

Fraught with thy love, from sinful passions free,
The holy Virgins trim their lamps for thee.

IV.

Direct my wand'ring steps and draw me on,
Till I approach the King of Israel's throne;
Into the Monarch's chamber I'm convey'd,
Where joy eternal to my soul's display'd,
Thy great remembrance in my mind I place,
Nor death, all-conquering, shall thy love efface.

V.

I am black, but comely, oh! ye daughter's fair
Of Eastern climes, and ever temperate air,
The Sun of righteousness, with rays divine,
Scatter'd the spots, and made my visage shine
As Kedar's tents, delightful to behold,
Or stately palace, roof'd with burnish'd gold,
Rich as the gorgeous curtains filken spun,
That grace the bed of royal Solomon.

VI.

For Terra's sons I plant the tender vine,
My Heaven trod grapes distil immortal wine.

VII.

VII.

Tell me, thou shepherd of the Eternal's flock,
My father's might and David's stony rock,
Where I'll enjoy with thine elect, inroll'd,
One heavenly shepherd, one celestial fold.

VIII.

Of all God's works, Thou most divinely fair,
My spouse all glorious if thou know'st not where,
Ere the great Sun's meridian glory's spent,
Seek some eternal pastor's heaven pitch'd tent,
There feed thy flocks, secure from future harm,
By the Almighty shepherd's out-stretch'd arm.

IX.

My everlasting love for might, exceeds
The proudest courser of th' Egyptian steeds.

X.

Borders of gold, with silver studs improv'd
Shall grace the bosom of my best lov'd.

XI.

While Juda's king, with God-like wisdom crown'd,
At table sits, all Israel's chiefs around,

Immortal

Immortal fragrance from my spikenard flows,
And heav'nly ointments perfume all my cloaths,

XII.

Sweet smelling myrrh, my well-beloved seems
Nearest my heart, and liveliest in my dreams,

XIII.

Far more delightful than the golden mines,
Or clust'ring camphire by Engedi's vines:

XIV.

With sacred truth, and majesty array'd,
The Almighty's wisdom in thy form's display'd,
In heavenly orbs thy glorious eye balls move,
Resembling lively the celestial dove.

XV.

Eternal pleasures on thy footsteps wait,
Fair beyond fair, and excellently great.

XVI.

XVI.

Their golden pinions, guardian angels spread,
To form th' *all glorious* covering of our bed.

XVII.

A house eternal in the Heaven's we'll raise,
The walls salvation and the bulwarks praise.

C H A P T E R I I .

I.

WITH heav'nly fragrance my beloved shews,
The opening beauties of the Sharon rose.

II.

As the celestial lilly, midst the thorns,
My everlasting love, our land adorns.

III.

All glorious tree of jesses sacred root,
High crown'd with branches of immortal fruit,
Shadow'd with glory, at the heavenly feast,
Joyful I enter thy eternal rest.

IV.

A welcome guest to thy great supper made,
Salvation's banner o'er my head display'd,

From

From that life bearing and immortal tree,
By flaming Seraphs kept from all but thee;
Almighty power of infinite controul,
With living draughts refresh my thirsty soul.

V.

Like branching palm, I flourish in the land,
By the resistless strength of thy right hand.

VI.

Daughters of Jewry, to my charge attend,
And ears obedient to my council lend,
By all the increase your fruitful harvests yield,
The right hand sheep and heavenly reaper's field.

VII.

Stir not the object of my soul's delight,
From joys beatific in visions bright,
Too pure and holy for terrestrial sight:

}

VIII.

The heavenly organs of thy voice employ,
To publish peace, and spread eternal joy;

L

Upon

Upon the lofty mountain he appears,
And the glad tidings of salvation bears.

IX.

How beautiful thy footsteps there display'd,
With grace and truth, all gloriously array'd,
My well beloved, as the Roe or Hart,
Life springing joy, does to my soul impart,
While at the battlement he rears his head,
Celestial brightness o'er the windows spread,
Th' unequal'd lustre of thy heavenly hue,
Thro' mystic glass with awful joy we view.

X.

Call'd by thy voice, my everlasting spouse
My soul high ransom'd, I from slumber rouse.

XI.

The Winter past, its terrors are confin'd,
Of rain o'erflowing or tempestuous wind.

XII.

Thy powerful breath, impregnating the earth,
The flower's forth springing, boast a heav'nly
birth,

By

By thee, their great preserver, thee alone,
Array'd more gloriously than Solomon ;
The feather'd songsters of the liquid air,
Thy great protection, with their wings declare, }
And universal Nature, claims thy care.

XIII.

The fig-tree loaden'd, beautifies the field,
And vines with tendrils, heavenly fragrance
yield,
Call'd by thy voice, I take the glorious way,
Thy love to solemnize, thy power display.

XIV.

With healing wings, o'ershade thy chosen flock,
Dove-like descending on Salvation's rock,
With thy blest countenance, my soul rejoice,
And Heaven-strung music of thy sacred voice ;
Refulgent glories in thy visage shine,
With peerless majesty and power divine,
Th' harmoniac numbers of th' angelic quire,
Dwell on thy lips, and in thy voice conspire.

XV.

XV.

Abortive make the hireling's foul design,
 Spoil thou the spoiler, and protect the vine.

XVI

In one blest union, firmly we combine,
 To make me *His*, and *Him* for ever mine,
 The dazzling whiteness of his robe exceeds,
 The new blown lillies among which he feeds.

XVII.

As Roë or Hart, their lively joys display,
 On Bether's mountains at approaching day,
 So shall our souls rejoice when from on high,
 The day spring visits and the shadow's fly,
 While Eastern king's the glorious rising wait,
 Of witness'd light from Heaven's eternal gate.

C H A P T E R I I I.

I.

W H I L E yet unpierc'd by thine diviner ray,
My darken'd soul in gloomy visions lay,
To find thee out, I turn'd my erring thought,
And thro' creation the Creator sought.

II.

Thy spirit witnessing, with mine can prove,
My soul's best hope was centred in thy love,
For warfare now, with matchless strength indu'd,
The glorious search thro' Israel's tents pursu'd.

III.

Pursu'd in vain, till with returning night,
Return'd my longings for immortal night.

IV.

IV.

I ask'd the heav'nly guardians of the night,
Where my beloved took his early flight.

V.

Scarce had my soul the blest inquiry made,
When robed in righteousness, with truth array'd,
My well-beloved stood before my sight,
Beaming, transcending rays of heav'nly light,
I caught th' eternal treasure of my heart,
Nor from the sacred strong-hold will depart,
Till mother Earth, thy omniscience own,
And kindred worlds acknowledge thee alone.

VI.

Daughters of Israel, by the Patriarch's name,
And right of blest inheritance ye claim,
By all the drops of first and latter rain,
The new calv'd hind, and multiplying grain,
Charg'd by those heavenly blessings, do not rouse
My well-beloved and eternal spouse,
From that blest vision where he slumb'ring lies,
A Sabbath Sun, all gloriously to rise.

VII.

VII.

In perfect beauty, from the desert comes,
 Sweeter than blest Arabia's dropping gums;
 A form divine, eclipsing mortal light,
 As smok in pillars, dazzling to the sight;
 Like that great pillar, whose mysterious gloom,
 Led Pharaoh's squadrons to their watry tomb,
 What time the sword of Justice was drawn out,
 And ransom'd Israel, took their midnight rout.

VIII.

Behold the gorgeous hangings of that bed,
 With royal purple and embroidery spread,
 Where Judah's monarch wrapt in sleep profound,
 With three times twenty, valiant Hebrews round:

IX.

Whose hardy breasts, for warlike deeds prepar'd,
 Compos'd King Solomon's nocturnal guard,
 Whose inmost soul, with sacred knowledge
 fraught,
 His Father's God, in midnight vision's fought.

X.

X.

See David's son, in Israel's chariot move,
 Bright pav'd for Zion, with immortal love;
 That glorious chariot, that with reverend awe,
 By Heaven-bred coursers drawn, Elijah saw,
 On springs divine the shining axes rowl'd,
 The covering purple, and the pillars gold.

XI.

Now Israel's daughters, hail the glorious hour,
 That vests your monarch with eternal power,
 With that blest diadem, reserv'd by Heaven;
 On the great day of his espousal's given,
 Her first-born Son the holy mother crown'd,
 While scepter'd monarchs made obeisance round.

C H A P T E R IV.

I.

FAIR as the morning rob'd in orient light,
 My well-beloved opens to the fight,
 Thy heavenly eyes serenely glorious move,
 As on the water mov'd the mystic dove,
 When Day sprang forth from the impregnant
 womb,
 Of ancient Night's impenetrable gloom,
 The flowing hair that shades thy visage bright,
 Like flocks descending from Mount Geleads
 height.

II.

Thy teeth, like fleecy herds, that water'd come
 With lambs unblemish'd, to their shearing dumb,
 Their blest encrease the fruitful mothers yield,
 Like Jacob's ring streak'd in his father's field.

M

III.

III.

Thy op'ning lips, like threads of scarlet shew;
 Whence sacred Truth's divinest precepts flow,
 Thy awful brow with circling azure crown'd,
 Like the pom'granates branching beauties round.

IV.

Thy neck, like David's tower, by Heaven design'd,
 The glorious armoury, to shield mankind,
 Where hang a thousand bucklers shining bright,
 The faithful weapons of unequal'd might,
 So in thy form, the Almighty's power's confest,
 And all his judgments on thy shoulders rest,

V.

As fondly nourishing her new-born Roes,
 The Mother Hind, with milky treasure flows,
 So first blest Israel, on thy bosom feeds,
 While twin-born Esau, his lost birthright pleads.

VI.

Till back to Chaos the dark shades are hurl'd
 And light celestial, gilds the wond'ring world,

On spicy hills, the Eastern Magi toil,
 And myrrh-grown mountains, of their fragrance
 spoil,
 The gather'd frankincense to offer there,
 Where vows ascend, and Heaven accepts our
 prayer.

VII.

In thy blest form, with spotless truth array'd,
 The hand pre-eminent of Heaven's display'd,
 Fair as Creation, when it open'd first,
 Ere tempted Woman made the foil accurst.

VIII.

See from Amano's top, my heavenly love,
 The beasts assembling, thro' the forest move,
 The mountain leopards, view from Shinar's
 height,
 And dens that guard the lions from our sight,
 Who nightly roaring thro' the hollow wood,
 In Nature's voice, petition God for food;
 From thence my spouse, to Libna's sacred grove,
 And plight the vows of everlasting love.

IX.

Thy love more grateful than the yielding vine,
Whose grapes fresh trod distil ambrosial wine.

X.

Immortal scribes, my everlasting spouse,
In Heaven's fair register, record our vows.

XI.

Sacred to Thee, the precious ointment's boast,
Perfumes superior to Arabia's coast.

XII.

How fair thy love, my Heaven bethroth'd spouse,
Bride of my soul, and sister of my vows.

XIII.

A garden's blest inclosure thou dost seem,
A well of water, and a living stream,
A spring shut up, a heavenly fountain seal'd,
With life immortal, in its course reveal'd.

XIV.

XIV.

The plants divine of thy Almighty hand,
 Spread like pom'granates, in a fruitful land,
 By thy sustaining strength, each sacred root,
 Sends in due season forth its heavenly fruit.

XV.

Calumnas spikenard, and the precious store,
 Of balmy spices from Arabia's shore,
 In thee their sweetnesss, with their strength
 combine,
 To form one power, all-gracious and divine,
 Oh! living fountain, that derives thy course,
 From the spring head of life's exhaustless
 source,
 Whose streams do those of Libanon excel,
 Samaria's glory, or the Patriarch's well.

XVI.

Wake, oh! North wind, upon my garden
 blow,
 Till softer South make all the spices grow,
 Then my beloved, try each heavenly root,
 Thy garden view, and eat immortal fruit.

LINES

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO

MR. H U N T E R,

OF STAFFORD-STREET,

ON SEEING A

MADONNA AND CHILD OF HIS PAINTING.

SOFT as thy manners, gentle as thy heart,
Thy work I view, and quite forget 'tis art,
Expression's self, with every living grace,
Speaks to the soul from Mary's heavenly face,
Veil'd by the filken lash, the swelling tear
Of anxious fondness and prophetic fear,
Stands like a dew-drop tremulous—unshed,
While for support she leans her sacred head

(In

(In awful sanctitude serenely mild)
 Upon her God, her Saviour, and her child,
 Whose infant smiles ineffable, display
 The filial Deity, inshrin'd in clay.
 On other themes, my friend, the Artist's skill
 May paint from Nature, and improve her still ;
 But Subjects, HUNTER, such as those, require
 What thou hast caught,—the warmth of heavenly
 fire ;
 Our hearts (responsive to the picture) prove,
 The sacred mystery of redeeming love :
 Truth, Reason, Nature and Religion join,
 To prove thy Genius, like thy Work—divine.

THE

T H E

P A I N T E R ' S F A R E W E L L

T O H I S

P A L L E T.

T H E Night now yielding to superior force,
Had more than measur'd half her fable course,
When restless on his couch Apelles lay
Wishing and watching, for the streaks of day;
But not on Fancy's pinions to arrest
Its dewy eye-lids in the bridal East;
Nor yet to trace the glorious orb of day,
With strengthen'd majesty, pursue his way;
Ah! no, he watch'd the morning clouds, to find
If yet they travell'd with a Western wind;

Long

Long had this Child of Science, born the sting
 Of pamper'd Ignorance, whose waspish wing
 Flapp'd quaint caprice into the eyes of Taste,
 And laid the avenues of Genius waste.

One arbitrary planet rul'd his birth,
 And marr'd his fortune—'twas the planet Earth,
 His native Earth, which wiser mortals scorn,
 (As well a Patriot as a Painter born.)

Apelles lov'd, and lov'd without return;
 But now he bids a thankless land farewell,
 Resolv'd the patriot passion to repel,
 And with the wreck of Genius, to explore
 A kinder fortune, on a distant shore.

For this Apelles watch'd with anxious care,
 The grey-ey'd morn, whose dawning shew'd him
 where

His favorite Pallet, on the Easel hung
 In silent sadness, like a lute unstrung,
 While round that table of its master's thought,
 The cunning spider had insidious wrought;
 Rouz'd at this insult from the insect race,
 He clear'd the cobweb from its olive face,

N

Clear,

Clear, but not bright, its olive face appears,
 For the wet 'kerchief own'd Apelles tears;
 Strong by restraint, the current of his soul,
 No longer brooks the stoical controul
 Of fullen silence, but in accents broke
 By frequent sighs, his Pallet thus bespoke.

Thou dear companion of those halcyon days,
 When fame was fortune, and true honour praise;
 When Hope's gay plumage, fledg'd the wings of
 Youth,

When Power with Genius walk'd, and Taste with
 Truth;

'Twas then thy breast receiv'd each glowing tint,
 When young ey'd Fancy, from Creation's mint
 Of Grace and Nature, caught th' enlivening dyes
 Lips ruby tinctur'd and love darting eyes;
 Then Truth and Genius open'd all her store,
 To paint Heaven's likeness in its favorite Gore,
 The answering tints did like his virtues blend
 Of human nature, both the judge and friend.
 Oh! time remember'd with a pleasing sigh,
 A soft unspeakable anxiety.

To Heaven with Gore the warmer virtues fled,
And left us shivering in this age of lead.

Farewel, thou sharer of thy master's heart,
The wind now blows a signal to depart.

Farewel, again, and may some friendly hand,
In this dear native, tho' ungrateful land,
Set round thy colours with deserv'd success,
And copy Nature in her fairest drefs.
But may he let no pert unmeaning thumb,
Within this dear, this magic circle come ;
But of Apelles favorite Pallet take
The care, that he did, for Apelles sake,

GODFREY'S PRAYER

IN

TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

VERSIFIED IN THE AUTHOR'S SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

FATHER and Lord by whose divine command,
The first great leader of thy chosen band,
To shew thy glory, and sustain thy flock,
Smote streaming waters from the stony rock;
To Godfrey now, as then to Moses lend
Thine ear, all Gracious, and our camp defend.
Alike distressed, O God! send like relief,
The cause as glorious is, tho' not the chief,
Whether by miracle or nature wrought,
Lord God of Hosts, allay the parching drought.

W R I T T E N

T O A

Y O U N G L A D Y,

O N T H E

D E A T H O F A B R O T H E R.

ACCEPT, my Ellison, my much lov'd friend,
 The only tribute I as yet can send,
 Accept the tribute of a heart sincere,
 The kindred sigh, the sympathetic tear;
 Oft, when immers'd in agonizing grief,
 Thy tender care has given my soul relief,
 Thy soft society dispell'd my woe,
 And tears, when You were by, forgot to flow;
 Oh! then take back the councils you have given,
 Nor wish your brother from the joys of Heaven,
 At that dear name, still swells the chrystal flood,
 That brother more than by the ties of blood,
Has

Has drawn those tears which Piety refus'd,
 When Fortune slighted thee and friend misus'd,
 Let Fortune's followers live upon her smiles,
 And gold reward the wretches it beguiles;
 Trust thou my friend to his unerring might,
 Who all to him, submitted orders right,
 To him, who most the contrite heart approves,
 And wisely chastens every child he loves;
 Their wealth, who in the maze of error stray
 Shall leave them helpless, at that awful day,
 When the last judgment sits in dread array. }
 Oh! then keep Innocence, embrace it fast,
 For that alone, shall bring thee peace at last;
 Farewel, my Ellison, my much loved friend,
 May every blessing on thy steps attend,
 Protect thee here, till we hereafter meet,
 By special mercy, in the vacant seat
 Of some fallen cherubim, whom pride o'erthrew,
 Till then sweet girl, thy Harriot bids adieu.

WRITTEN

W R I T T E N

ON THE DEATH OF

L A D Y T O W N S H E N D.

IN THE AUTHOR'S SIXTEENTH YEAR.

THE awful bell, to shake the trembling soul,
 Proclaims the dreadful march with triple toll;
 Methinks all Nature, sympathizing bleeds,
 While Townshend's corse in solemn state proceeds;
 Oh ! mourning muse, thy inspiration lend,
 With Pomp of sadness, to bewail a friend,
 Pour in each line some variegated woe,
 In sorrowing numbers like thy own to flow;
 Tho' Townshend sleeps, immortal be her fame,
 Her life unequal'd, and rever'd her name,
 Oft did her hand the hungry soul supply,
 Discern'd alone by God's all-seeing eye,

Those

Those grateful offerings, oft in secret giv'n,
 Find now (as promised) their reward in Heaven;
 Her beauteous Form, which spoke the Eternal's
 might,

Shone with reflected rays from inward light;
 Her Face, which nature did with pains adorn,
 Open'd like sun-shine on the growing morn,
 The hand of Heaven, which form'd her from
 the womb,

And planted virtue in her earliest bloom,
 Mingl'd throughout that symmetry of face,
 A blest infusion of diviner grace;
 Nor drew I this description midst a crowd
 Of gaping sycophants, that round her stood.
 Prophetic of its change, her towering mind,
 Shun'd all the tinsel glories of mankind,
 Held with becoming dignity her state,
 Alternately displaying, Good and Great.

What consolation to thy afflicted Lord
 For such a loss, can earth's wide bounds afford?
 That gift and heritage, all gracious Heaven,
 In the dear pledges of thy love hath given;

No

No more let Grief's incessant torrent flow,
 But on her offspring all that love bestow,
 Till ripe in years, nor less mature in sense,
 You'll see display'd, their mother's excellence,
 Delighted view each growing great desire,
 Contribute joy to their illustrious fire,
 Gather'd in peace, for God-like deeds renown'd,
 Thine head with length of days and laurels
 crown'd,
 Thou to unite her, go belov'd of all
 In one blest vision, till the foldiers call.

A D D R E S S E D

T O T H E

R E V E R E N D D. P-----L,

I N T H E Y E A R, 1787.

O H! heavenly Muse, to my request incline,
 And swell my numbers to their great design,
 The grateful tribute crown with thy esteem,
 My gracious Patron, my glorious theme :
 But, Oh ! forgive me, in a bolder flight,
 Than Milton's soaring 'bove the Aonian height,
 To him the muse a nightly journal brought
 Of Heaven's transactions, and the battles fought
 By warring angels, ranged in dread array,
 The sword of Michael, and the fiend's dismay ;
 Trac'd the grand rebel to his serpent form,
 When ruined Adam curst the subtle worm :

To

To me, still more indulgent, she has sung
 Mosaic wisdom, with an Aaron's tongue ;
 Desires like thine were to the leader given,
 When in the gap he stay'd the wrath of Heaven,
 Divinely eloquent, You teach its will,
 And every duty you enforce fulfil,
 Nor more by precept than example try,
 On earth to fix immortal charity ;
 Witness when thy approach, our dwelling cheer'd,
 And stood between us, and the storm we fear'd, *
 But oh ! what force of language can impart,
 The strong sensations of a grateful heart,
 But may that power, to whose all-seeing eye,
 The hearts most deep recesses open lie,
 May He, himself, thy plenteous table spread,
 And with the promised oil anoint thine head,
 In blessing bless thee, and each coming year,
 With new delight thy habitation cheer,
 Reward the goodness he alone inspir'd,
 With all that Heaven ere gave, or man desir'd ;
 These are my hopes, do thou my fears prevent,
 Nor scorn the humble tribute I present.

THE

* Alluding to a signal act of benevolence.

(100)

THE
FOLLOWING LINES,
ADDRESSED
TO THE SAME,
FOR
FAVOURS RECEIVED
UPON AN
INTERESTING OCCASION.

OTHOU, my Benefactor and my Friend,
Accept the only tribute I can send,
Which, tho' unpolished by the rules of art,
Unshakled also, speaks the owner's heart,
Where grateful thoughts in such sensations join,
As words must injure, tho' the words were thine.
For, oh! what force of language can express,
The sigh that thanks you, or the tears that bless,
That

That boundless energy that swells the soul,
 Beyond its clay, disdains the fond controul
 Of measured numbers, and can only plead
 With thee (like Heaven) the intentions for the
 deed.

Forgive the grateful then, tho' bold design,
 And by acceptance, make the verse divine ;
 And may each comfort of the coming year
 Be thine, my friend, and their's whom you hold
 dear ;

May every earthly blessing pave the road,
 To that glad welcome in the blest'd abode,
 Which to God's favour'd servants shall be given,
 Of come, ye blessed, to the joys of Heaven,

A N

IMPROMPTU ANSWER,

BEING RECEIVED, I PRESUME TO INSERT IT.

WHY force me to explore a barren mind,
 In search of virtues which I cannot find?
 Thy prayers, thy praises, tho' I read with joy,
 Yet conscious blushes bring a great alloy;
 The easy numbers and the thoughts are thine,
 O! that the character was as truly mine,
 Then, should I rise, immortal as your pen,
 By God approved of, and belov'd by men.

January 1, 1790.

THE

THE
FOLLOWING
IS THE
REJOINDER.

THIS day, the birth-day of the year and mine,
May every social happiness be thine;
May lengthen'd blessings Time himself beguile,
Large as thy heart and pointed as thy file.
Ten thousand thanks for thy ennobling verse,
Which tongues of angels might with pride
rehearse.

But why, my friend, my sacred patron, why
The inmate virtues of thy soul deny?
Have I not seen thy speaking eyes in vain,
The drops of pity struggling to restrain?
While mercy deck'd thy unaffected face,
With more than beauty, a diviner grace

Flush'd

Flush'd every feature, while thy words distill'd
Like morning dew drops on a thirsty field,
Refreshing comforts o'er the aching breast,
And every sorrow was beguil'd to rest.
Approv'd of Heaven, then may'st thou ever be,
And lov'd by mankind, as thou'rt lov'd by me !

TO THE SAME

H O N O U R E D F R I E N D ,

On his going to visit his Living, in the Diocese of Clogher.

*Formerly possessed by Archdeacon Parnell, and where he wrote
his much celebrated Poem of the Hermit.*

FAREWEL awhile, my honour'd Friend,
May health and peace thy steps attend,
To that wild spot of genial earth,
Which gave the reverend Hermit birth.

Thither, dear Sir, my ardent Muse,
On fancy's wing thy step pursues,
While young ambition prompts my breast,
To breathe to thee one fond request :

P

Far

Far in that wild, where Parnel felt
 The Muses power, and with her dwelt,
 From off the Poet's sacred tree,
 There fet by *Him*, now prun'd by *Thee*,
 Wilt thou, to grace my humble lays,
 Send me a leaf of genuine Bays?
 The pride of this attempt forgive,
 And by thy answer make it live.

Do, dearest Sir, in numbers tell,
 That I am forgiven, and Thou art well,

April 12, 1790.

THE
R E Q U E S T
F O R A
S P R I G O F B A Y S,

OCCASIONED THE FOLLOWING ANSWER.

WOULD Parnel's Muse descend so low,
To aid an humble verse like mine,
The praises of my friend should flow
In strains of harmony divine.

But tho' unconscious I may feel,
Unequal to the mighty theme,
My heart still prompts with ardent zeal,
To tell the world of H——t's fame.

Thy .

Thy style, blest emblem of thy mind,
Gives transport to the reader's heart,
Where every grace they're sure to find,
Best gifts of Nature and of Art.

Shou'd imag'ry thy fancy please,
Enraptur'd thoughts we then may view,
While Nature listens to thy lays,
And own's a second self in you.

But if to graver thoughts inclined
Your pious Muse, new strings her lyre;
On holy wing you raise the mind,
And fill it with seraphic fire.

In satyr too, thy shafts how keen,
When Vice demands it from thy pen,
While Virtue's praise is not unseen,
Described by you, 'tis lov'd by men.

Then,

Then ask no more a sprig from Parnell's bays,
The tree, itself, would scarce reward thy lays;
While in the shade of thy protecting name,
My feeble lines escape the critic's blame.

Thus George's image stamp'd on brass,
Makes that base ignoble metal pass.—

TO

T H E S A M E,

ON HIS

R E T U R N T O D U B L I N.

THO' Parnel's Muse has left his cell,
With thee, my friend, in town to dwell,
And on thy partial verse has hung,
Each beauty of Poetic song;
Yet still undaunted, I aspire
To tune for Thee my artless lyre,
For tho' to Fame's resistless charms,
My heart ne'er beat with vain alarms,
Yet still I feel an honest pride,
A joy I would not wish to hide,

To

(III)

To see my name receive a grace,
Which time or envy can't efface;
Thy flowing numbers still impart,
Such kind sensations to the heart,
As You, and *only* You convey,
In all you either write or say,
Harmonious transport swells each line,
And but the subject, all's Divine.

TO

TO THE SAME

H O N O U R E D F R I E N D ,

DRINKING GOATS' WHEY IN WICKLOW, BUT INTENDING
TO REMOVE TO BATH.

MAY health, first blessing of the human heart,
Its mant'ling vigour to thy veins impart:

I.

At Wicklow's mountains ever clear,
Which (by Creation's charter given)
To breathe on high a purer air,
Exhale the breeze direct from Heaven,

II.

May joys as bright, tho' not so fleet,
As summer's genial funs attend,
Where'er the earth receives thy feet,
My ever lov'd and honour'd friend.

III.

III.

May Nature drefs'd in all her charms,
And focial blifs devoid of guile,
Spread out to thee their kindred arms,
To keep thee in our parent ifle.

IV.

What charms has Bath's exotic mien,
To Wicklow's heav'n-arch'd brow deny'd,
Where native health a virgin queen,
Deals virtuous love and honeft pride.

V.

Superior to the min'ral fpring,
The fruitful kine in every field,
While at their teats the lasses fmg,
Their milky treasures freely yield.

VI.

For mufic too on mounting wing,
Ascend the feather'd warbling band,
In Nature's voice, his praife to fmg,
Whofe clouds drop fatnefs o'er the land.

VII.

And surely, Sir, the pump-room bard,
Must ne'er dispute my ardent claim,
To thy attention and regard—
My Patron and my theme.

T O

T H E S A M E,

*On returning from a visit to him at his House in Wicklow,**Where the Author borrowed Dr. Young's Satyrs,*

IN spite of all that Young has said,
 In that epistle which I read,
 The other night returning home,
 From scenes where fancy loves to roam;
 In spite of all the bitter stings
 With which that hanger-on of kings,
 Transfix'd the race of scribbling things;
 In spite of all he said or sung,
 My pen as flippant as my tongue,
 Lays hold upon this offer'd time,
 To write to thee, and write in rhyme.

But surely in thy gen'rous breast,
 My many imperfections rest,

Thy

Thy friendship takes my feeble part,
 And for the head accepts the heart ;
 Friend of that heart, whose honour'd name
 Like incense feeds a grateful flame,
 May countless blessings sweet as song,
 Thy lov'd, thy valu'd life prolong !
 May peace and health for ever wait,
 As porters at thy friendly gate !

The modest mansion there we see,
 And all its owner's worth in thee.
 That ease which Beauty's self must woo,
 To point her charms, was born with you,
 No labour'd periods spoke by rule,
 Betray you ever went to school,
 For Nature gave thy words such grace,
 Each finds with ease a proper place.
 If round thy board the chearful tale
 And harmless jest a while prevail ;
 No learn'd looks that seem to seek
 For wiser subjects, tinge the cheek

Of dappl'd Mirth, aſham'd to ſee
 Its union with Simplicity ;
 Ah no ! thy words and looks diſpenſe
 Good-humour, ripen'd with good ſenſe.
 Thy learning, ever honour'd friend,
 Was given thee for a nobler end,
 To reſcue from ſchiſmatic rage,
 The truths of inſpiration's page,
 And by religion's ſilver light,
 To ſet her faithful follow'rs right ;
 For when you ope the ſacred text
 Where erring Reaſon reads perplex't,
 You make each heav'nly truth appear
 So like itſelf ſublime and clear,
 That Parnel's angel ſtands confeſt,
 And every doubt forſakes the breaſt.

(118)

T O

T H E S A M E,

R E Q U E S T I N G A

C O N T I N U A T I O N O F H I S F R I E N D S H I P.

FRIENDSHIP, thou bond and cement of the
soul,

Heaven's honey'd drop in Nature's sickly bowl;

Thou spark ethereal, sent us from above,

As the bright emblem of immortal love,

Clear as the silver Moon's resplendent ray,

And vital as the glorious orb of day.

This heavenly Nectar, known to few,

This healing drop, I found with *You*.

Tell

Tell me then, and tell me true,
Shall I find it still with *You* ?
And shall I still be let to sip,
The hallow'd drop with grateful lip ?

A S O N G,
ON THE
P E R F O R M A N C E
OF THE
REV. DOCTOR STRATFORD'S TRAGEDY
OF LORD RUSSEL.

*Performed by Gentlemen, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane,
By command of his Majesty, in the year 1784, August 27.*

I.

I N Drury-Lane,
Renown to gain,
A Tragedy was acted ;
But those who play'd,
And he who made
It, surely were distracted.

II.

II.

Their merits all,
Both great and small,
Deserve to be rewarded ;
And if this verse,
You will rehearse,
You'll hear their fame recorded.

III.

Indeed the king,
I will not sing,
His part does not amuse me ;
A better place,
I hope he'll grace,
So beg he'll here excuse me.

IV.

The Duke of York, *
As fat as pork,
Look'd comely at a distance ;

R

So

* A Yorkshire Attorney.

So stiff he bow'd,
 And stamp'd so loud,
 As if he scorn'd resistance.

V.

Quite out of breath,
 For Ruffel's death,
 To Charles he came a chaffing;
 But when deny'd,
 His Highness cry'd,
 Oh mercy! what a laughing.

VI.

One hundred miles,
 The whim beguiles
 The too believing Bedford,*
 Whose honest heart,
 Oft play'd a part,
 As oft his pocket paid for't.

VII.

* An old Gentleman who came from Bath, to play the part of Bedford.

VII.

And tho' the piece,
Where Rome and Greece
Seem'd petty towns to London,
Made Bedford speak,
Tho' not in Greek,
Things where plain sense was undone.

VIII.

'Twas not his fault,
Nor was the thought,
Of wine in conduits flowing, *
The jovial treat,
In every street,
Was not of his bestowing.

IX.

The Female wight, †
Who in a fright,
Came screeching to her Daddy.

'Tis

* An expression in the play.

† The Author herself performed the part of Lady Ruffel;
whose first scene represented her running wildly to Lord Ruffel's
father.

'Tis true her part,
She had by heart,
O hone! no blame to Paddy.

X.

She watch'd her cue,*
For whil—lil—loo,
Which did the audience frighten.
The Irish cry,
Ne'er came so nigh,
The astonish'd ears of Wrighten.†

XI.

The busy Judge, §
While he did trudge,
Like any hackney prancer;
Vow'd with a smile,
He'd rather file,
The cross'est bill and answer,

XII.

* Her cue was really a screech.

† Mr. Wrighten was so kind as to act as prompter, in order to assist the Author of the Tragedy.

§ A Lawyer performed the part of Judge Jeffries.

XII.

And at the play,
I heard him pray,
Of Lord Chief Justice Phebus;
If he approv'd,
To have him mov'd,
By a dramatic habeas:

XIII.

When Sydney came, *
'Rapt in a flame,
Of patriotic fury;
With noble rage,
The nectar'd page,
He quoted to the jury,

XIV.

But Supple Jack, †
Swore white was black,
In spite of gallant Sydney;

Yet

* Mr. Lawrence played the part of Algernon Sydney; whom the author of the play makes quote some expressions of Marcus Brutus.

† The part of Lord Howard was played by a young Gentleman whose name was John Supple.

Yet on my troth,
I believe the oath,
Stuck strangely in his kidney.

XV.

For he no more
The title wore,
But gave it up with pleasure,
When Monsieur Thimble *
Stept in nimble,
And of the part took measure.

XVI.

How be it the first
Was not the worst,
Nor was the last a coward;
With courage brave,
He strove to save
A remnant of Lord Howard.

XVIII.

* Mr. Supple laying down the part, an eminent French
Taylor performed it the succeeding nights.

XVII.

Like Father Paul,
In convent hall,
Our Friar look'd enchanting ;
The well-fed grace
Of shape and face,
Was not in Peters wanting. *

XVIII.

But O ! alas,
It came to pass,
† The Friar lack'd temptation ;
He left his book,
And eke the Duke,
And read his recantation.

XIX.

To Peters' beads,
There now succeeds,
A Monk of study quicker ; §
They

* The part of Father Peters was performed by Major Sykes.

† Major Sykes also laid down his part on the second night.

§ A strange Gentleman, the immediate reverse of Major Sykes, took up the part.

They said as how,
 He made a vow,
 Of never tasting liquor.

XX.

This new Divine,
 With Moorfield whine,
 Had much intrinsic merit;
 And all agree,
 No flesh had he,
 To war against the spirit.

XXI.

With vengeful dirk,
 They press'd a Kirk,*
 Into the curious quarrel;
 Whose real name
 Is crown'd with fame,
 And never dying laurel.

XXII.

The sheriff's speech,
 Indeed did reach,
 The title of heroic;

I wish

* The part of Kirk was performed by a Mr. Elliot.

I wish the priest,
Had made at least,
* Lord Ruffel more a stoic.

XXIII.

With looks sedate,
To meet his fate,
And not so much grimacing;
But he poor man,
Divided ran,
'Twixt praying and embracing!

XXIV.

The parting strife,
'Twixt dearest life,
Papa and his Preceptor, †
Whose pious care,
Tho' in despair,
From falling down had kept her.

S

XXIV.

* The part of Lord Ruffel was performed by a Mr. Horn of the Temple.

† The part of Hubert, Preceptor to Lord Ruffel, was performed by Henry Lucas, Esq; son to the late celebrated Dr. Lucas, who also wrote and spoke an occasional address, which had infinite merit.

XXIV.

Compos'd a scene,

I do not mean

To hurt by ballad painting,

Off Ruffel popt,

Down Rachael dropt,

To practice play-house fainting.

E P I L O G U E

TO THE PRECEDING

TRAGEDY OF LORD RUSSEL,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THIS WORK,
WHO PERFORMED THE PART OF LADY RUSSEL.

AS one who 'scapes the horrors of a dream,
And hails with grateful joy the morning beam,
So have I 'scap'd the more than Stygian flood
Of tyrants scorn, and a lov'd husband's blood ;
Scap'd with delight from dark ideal pain,
To the true blessings of the present reign,
Where every virtue sparkles round the throne,
With native worth and beauty all our own ;
Thus, tho' my vessel was on danger's brink,
Bound for its Cape, good hope, shall never sink.

And let creation's Lords say what they will,
Thank Heaven we have the odds of talking still,

Else

Else how could I, the tragic business over,
 So soon the powers of utterance recover;
 Like Milton, cast on evil times and tongues,
 My part required prodigious strength of lungs,
 One lonely female, through five acts to brave,
 On Sorrow's ocean, each tempestuous wave,
 With no kind pilot in the tragic storm,
 Where grief assaulted me in every form,
 Thrown by our Author on that hectic age,
 Of lawless appetite, and bigot rage,
 I freely own, the melancholy part
 Has left a mournful something at my heart,
 A soft regretting languor quite unfit
 For this attempt, where chaste, yet ready wit,
 Should like the light'ning of those radiant eyes,
 Correct, delight, enliven and surprize.
 Wild are my numbers, and my feelings quick,
 Nor have I yet acquir'd one playhouse trick;
 Yet real Genius will vouchsafe to blend,
 Nay, lose the critic, in the generous friend;

And

* Addressed to the Boxes, which were uncommonly crowded.

In friendship's cause, a volunteer I came,
 Intreating pity, yet submits to blame ;
 And tho' a stranger to dramatic lore,
 I but presume to tremble on this floor,
 Yet the great motive which inspires my heart,
 Might to a Siddons some new charm impart,
 Extend her Fame, if wider it can spread,
 And add the fairest laurel to her head ;
 Away then Fear, Despondency and Doubt,
 My better angel's drive such traitors out,
 Command our labours, and let your desire,
 Forbid that Russel should again expire ;
 The dragon Censure's wakeful eye-lids steep,
 Create and lengthen the dread monster's sleep,
 While we the harvest of his slumbers reap. }
 So shall our Author find his honour'd piece,
 By your protection prove a *Golden Fleece*.

A

The above Epilogue was taken down in short hand the Night
 it was spoken, and printed (not by the Author's desire) in
 the London Papers.

POETICAL OUT-LINE

OF THE LATE CELEBRATED

G-----S E-----D H-----D.

HOW few alas ! can feel the scribbling itch,
 Yet lest perhaps they'd scratch a beggar's br—ch,
 Forbear that scribbling, till they first grew rich,
 A great man's nonsense from his hanger's on,
 Will meet applause, his claret washing down
 At once his dinner and his works. But sure
 A poem's frenzy if the author's poor.

'Twas thus that H——d in a lofty sphere,*
 With royal fish, † diluted with small beer,
 Kept his wit muddy, but his judgment clear ;

For

* A Garret.

† The Herring.

For others woes he never spoil'd his eyes,
 But slept secure a neighbour of the skies;
 Long he solicited beneath the crown,
 'Till step by step he got both up and down,
 No Cook, but Coke on Lyttleton had he,
 Who in due time served up an agency,
 A dish substantial, a divine repast,
 More sweet to Gorge than is a turtle feast
 To city gluttons, or a venison haunch
 To a horn'd Alderman's distorted paunch.
 Then the quill shepherd * of a downy bird,
 O! not the swan, tugg'd on upon my word,
 You'll beg my pardon, 'twas indeed a sword.

In a foul point the unpractis'd iron stood,†
 From which a wind could blow no mortal good,
 The blade was ever backward to defend,
 And seem'd to grow out of his latter end,
 For which I shall fir, name it, to prevent all
 Tilting jests—the weapon fundamental;

Accoutred

* A term for Hackney Clerks.

† Remarked for wearing his sword aukwardly.

Accoutred thus, nor citizen nor farmer
 Is Gorgy like, what then? a hog in armour:
 But now one serious question he thought fit
 To ask, in civil terms, *videlicet*,
 Whether the least deform'd of P——y's brood,
 Would cool the herring hey day of his blood.

A thousand guineas made her shoulders even,
 And husband founded more divine than Heaven,
 To her whose mind and person seem'd to tell,
 That she was fated to lead apes in hell.

He ask'd, was granted, and the second best
 Of P——y's crook'd ones, he straightway prest }
 Close to his pocket, pho! I mean his breast. }

Nine years elaps'd, when lo! the fruitful dam
 Produced one pig, which they preserv'd for
 Ham,*

But mark the nice economy he still
 Observed in wedlock, to digest the pill.

Long

* His eldest Daughter was married to Hammy Gorge.

Long us'd to abstinence, he still deny'd
 His appetite, nor would even Gorge his bride ;
 And tho' the lady might incline to fret,
 Yet gold much faster he design'd to get
 Than sons and daughters to preserve his name,
 For that, the Scripture says, is empty fame ;
 Gold begets gold, they say, and on my life,
 His gold was more prolific than his wife,
 For the bright tranfit of the Cyprian queen;
 Its revolution had fulfill'd between
 The birth of her, who married Mister,
 What do you call him, Hammy, and her sister,
 Who, gold and all it seems, may gang her way's
 With Nimrod's namefake, * in the sporting
 phrase ;
 His daughter's wedded, and well lin'd his chest,
 A first, and first-rate folly fir'd his breast ;
 'Twas then the Muse, long pregnant, grew so big,
 That with convulsion throws, which shook his
 wig,

T

She

* His youngest daughter married a Mr. Hunter.

She brought forth something, for I saw the piece,
 But could not read it, 'twas so daub'd with
 grease ;

But that was Claytor's fault, whose grov'ling
 foul

Could see unmov'd, her master's numbers roll
 In soft succession, round a piece of fuet,
 Had they been mine, my housekeeper should
 rue it,

For, O ! my nose, retains the unfavory smell,
 And which was mustiest 'tis hard to tell ;

However, 'twas a something, which betray'd
 He wish'd to be in love, but was afraid.
 His rib might know it—with the chamber maid. }

THE FOLLOWING

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE

L O R D C L I F D E N,

*In behalf of the Three Young Men, who ran away with the
Miss Kennedy's, were written at the request of Miss Byrn,
who was Sister to one of them, and a most amiable Woman.*

OH! Thou, in whom united virtues shine,
To Mercy's pleadings let thine heart incline,
Thy goodness oft prevented my request,
This is the last and grant it 'tis the best;
A word from you, my honour'd friend, may save
Three wretched youths from an untimely grave,
What tho' offended Justice turns away,
From all their kindred or the world can say,
Yet

Yet Thou wert made in Mercy's happier hour,
 Not vainly just, nor arrogant of power ;
 The clay was purcelain, of which you were
 form'd,

And gentler passions have thy bosom warm'd,
 And Mercy mark'd her character in vain
 In Clifden's face, if blood those marks should
 stain.

Think not, my friend, I dare point out to you,
 Where mercy most, or retribution's due ;
 But yet, in equity, you'll own, my Lord,
 That greater crimes, oft scape a just reward ;
 Had brutal force, preventing an escape,
 Compell'd their persons to a marriage rape,
 Then every honest, generous breast must own,
 No death but CHRIST's could for the crime
 atone ;

But think, my Lord, they were their willing
 wives,
 And spare, oh ! spare, their wretched husband's
 lives ;

Justice,

Justice has past her sentence, now, my Lord,
 Let Mercy sheath the all avenging sword,
 From the dark horrors of those dreadful cells,
 Where dire Remorse, and black Conviction
 dwells

The sad triumvirate for mercy sue ;
 Their mothers, kinsmen, and a sister too,
 Unhappy girl, oh ! Clifden, had you seen
 The wild distress, which mark'd her graceful
 mien,

The storms of sorrow that convulsed that breast,
 Where all the friend and sister stood confest,
 A mind, less amiably kind than your's,
 Would soothe the anguish that her soul endures.
 Think then, my friend, when that all pleasing
 form,

Which Clifden owns, and many virtues warm,
 Has past the pleasures of his youth and prime,
 And waits the sure, tho' slow award of time,
 When silver age has dim'd those speaking eyes,
 And every joy must from reflection rise ;

Think

Think then, I say, how exquisitely great,
 Beyond the glories of terrestrial state,
 Will be the memory of an act like this,
 That brings a foretaste of eternal bliss;
 Oh! then anticipate the dear delight
 Of conscience telling you, you acted right,
 For power's best charter, rightly understood,
 Is the prerogative of doing good;
 Think not, presumption has inspir'd my pen,
 Thou most benignant of the sons of men,
 Nor let my noble generous friend refuse,
 The meek intreaties of the suppliant Muse.

(143)

A N

IRREGULAR ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE

W I D O W

OF THE LATE

T H O M A S Q U I N , E S Q.

SAY, will my much respected friend,
The ear of kind attention lend,
While Friendship in fair Reason's name
Presumes to enter a protest,
Against those ills which wound thy breast,
And wreck thy brittle frame.

II.

What tho' the tears of love and truth
 For the dear husband of thy youth,
 Fell on his babes like vernal showers,
 They fell, my friend, in God's own view,
 Who made them drop like morning dew,
 To enrich the opening flowers.

III.

Now like a vine with tendrils crown'd,
 Thy olive branches cluster round,
 The evening of that life to bless,
 Whose bridal morn, alas! too soon,
 Made way for widowhood's mournful noon,
 Meridian of supreme distress.

IV.

Yet didst thou then by efforts known
 To mothers like thyself alone,
 Compose Affliction's starting brow,
 Still sheltering like a widow'd dove,
 The callow pledges of his love,
 Whose worth obtain'd the virgin vow.

V.

V.

Nor doubt, my friend, in Heaven to meet
That husband, who again will greet
 With gratitude and love sincere ;
A wife, who tho' of him bereft,
Bestow'd on those dear babes he left,
 A mother's love, a father's care.

VI.

Then from the debt of Death discharg'd,
With every faculty enlarg'd,
 And every nobler sense improv'd,
Your mutual vows again exchange,
From blifs to blifs eternal range,
 For ever loving and lov'd.

VII.

But yet while resident on earth,
Let not pale Fear give fancy'd birth
 To ills that never shall be born,
But like the scientific bee,
From every rosebud that you see,
 Extract the sweet but leave the thorn.

VIII.

Make all a mother's fears give way,
To faith and hope's sublimer fway,
Nor doubt his power who lately gave
To the wild fervor of thy cries,
The dearest blessing of thy eyes,
Tho' pendant o'er an early grave.

IX.

Our line of life his wisdom draws,
Of each event he knows the cause,
Nor ill itself permits in vain,
The sudden strokes of fancy'd fate,
On his decrees obedient wait,
And fall as they ordain

X.

Then tho' impregnant clouds distil,
The vapour that descends to kill,
Doubt not but his Almighty arm,
Tho' thousands and ten thousands fall,
Struck thro' by death's unerring ball,
Will shield thy son from harm.

XI.

Thy son, that darling of thy heart,
By nature rich, improv'd by art,
Unting'd with vice or pride ;
Just such a son my wishes form'd,
With every nobler virtue warm'd,
To every grace ally'd.

XII.

Ah! me, the shining visions past,
The beauteous prospect's over cast,
I sigh and bow my head ;
The flattering hopes which downy smil'd
In the dear visage of my child,
With him, alas! are fled.

XIII.

Oh! pardon then, the falling tear,
That saddens where I meant to cheer,
'Tis nature's fault, my Friend,
With trembling lips I own her sway,
And tho' advising, can't obey
The precepts I have pen'd.

XIV

XIV.

Eternal Parent, power benign,
Oh! make me, as I ought, resign
My dear, my precious son;
Thy grace, thy sovereign grace impart,
And teach the sighs that heave my heart,
To say thy will be done.

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO THE

R E V. E-----D H-----T,

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

THRICE happy youth, may th' Almighty
power,

His choicest blessings on thy union shower ;
From Reason's altar, fed with chaste desire,
May Hymen's torch receive immortal fire ;
With every comfort may the knot be ty'd,
And all thy mother's virtues grace thy bride ;
May health, content, and every smiling grace, }
That deck in blushing crowds thy Fanny's face, }
Cement the bliss, and heighten the embrace.
May time well spent, so pleasing glide away,
That your whole life shall seem one bridal day.

REFLECTIONS

R E F L E C T I O N S

O N

C H R I S T M A S M O R N I N G .

BREAK out with joy, thou dearly ransom'd
earth,

And with glad shouts, record a Saviour's birth,
Cry out aloud, nor grief's impending fear,
For God is with us, our salvation's near,
The parting clouds emit diviner light,
And choiring Angels in the joy unite.

Let us that day, with grateful hearts recal,
When humbly cradl'd in the oxe's stall,
The dawning brightness of Eternal day
The infant God, the young Messiah lay;
Celestial

Celestial peace her milk white flag unfurl'd,
 And war spontaneous ceas'd in all the world ,
 The earth enjoy'd a universal rest
 As if to welcome its eternal guest,
 On spicy hills the Eastern magi toil,
 And myrrh grown mountains of their fragrance
 spoil,
 Their gather'd frankincense to offer there,
 Where vows ascend, and Heaven accepts our
 prayer.

The glorious birth day of Jehovah's heir,
 Salvation's heralds in glad song declare,
 Peace and good-will, to all mankind they sung,
 And Heaven's bright arch, with loud Hosanna's
 rung.

O let us, then, for whom the Eternal son,
 Forsook the splendors of his Father's throne,
 To be a meek inhabitant on earth,
 With awful gladness keep a Saviour's birth,
 Let joys extatic warm each faithful breast,
 And sacred rapture crown the holy feast.

A
P O E M,
ON
G O O D F R I D A Y,
W R I T T E N

IN THE AUTHOR'S TWELFTH YEAR.

THIS day, for our transgressions to atone,
The Son of God his precious life laid down,
The Holy Lamb, before creation slain,
To save from everlasting death the race of man,
The sad foregoing night in prayer he spent,
And groans unutter'ble to his Father sent,
Besought th' Almighty, that in wonted love,
That very bitter Cup he might remove;
Yet still concluding, as th' obedient Son,
Nor mine, but thy Eternal will be done;

Thrice

Thrice in an agony of soul he pray'd,
 Deliv'rance from the cup, and heav'nly aid,
 While from his face a bloody sweat there ran,
 Immortal Godhead, strength'ning mortal man;
 But now, he rose obedient, to fulfil,
 Man's great redemption, and his Father's will,
 While in his face the glorious vision shone,
 And all the Father, vis'ble in th' Son :
 Onward he went, content to suffer death
 For us, and thus to his disciples saith ;
 Rise, let us go, we're near the dreadful hour,
 Of grossest darkness in meridian power ;
 Into the hand of blinded sinners given,
 And nigh the moment, long decreed in Heaven ;
 While yet they stood, attending to his word,
 Judas approaching, hail'd our blessed Lord ;
 To foes of God delivering with a kiss,
 Our refuge here, and seal of future bliss ;
 Encompass'd round with trait'rous weapons,
 stood
 Th' all forming word, and witness'd Son of
 God ;

Ere yet the unwilling morn disclos'd her face,
 Or the inferior sun begun his heavenly race,
 With rage impetuous they to Pilate bring,
 Their great Messiah, and long promis'd King;
 Guiltless and silent, stood the Lamb long slain,
 Nor in his mouth did one reproof remain,
 While Pilate sat, surveying in the hall,
 The King of Saints, and upright Judge of all,
 A servant from his wife in eager haste,
 Through brandish'd swords and flaming torches
 past,

Demanding audience at the judgment seat,
 In all their ears this message to repeat:
 Pilate, I charge thee, by the powers of Heav'n,
 On that *Just Man*, have Thou no sentence
 giv'n!

Much have I suffer'd on his cause this day,
 In dreadful visions, fright'ning sleep away,
 My brain distemper'd, does with frenzy roll,
 And dreams portentous, scar my inmost soul,
 With keen remorse the Governor was stung,
 And Truth unknown, in Pilate's bosom sprung,

And

And now he sat, revolving in his mind,
 How to release the Saviour of mankind,
 While They with witness'd falsehoods Christ
 surround,

The latter comes the former to confound :
 Now in Jerusalem at the yearly feast,
 One sentenc'd prisoner was from death releas'd,
 For murder and sedition lay confin'd,
 One, who for that year's scape goat was design'd ;
 The Jewish rabble before Pilate stood,
 Demand his freedom, and their Saviour's blood :
 A murderer save, and slay your *King* he cry'd,
 We have *no King* but Cæsar, they reply'd ;
 Pilate now seeing that a tumult rose,
 And that the Jews incens'd were mortal foes,
 No longer daring for his God to plead,
 Wash'd him in water from the accursed deed,
 My hands from this just person's blood be free,
 His blood on us, they cry'd, and all our offspring
 be ;

With sinful hands they to a pillar bind,
 The Son of God, and ransom for mankind,

Oh !

Oh Light ! incomprehensible and pure,
 What didst Thou there to save our souls endure ?
 From Stripes to crucifixion now they bring,
 The Prince of Peace, the Prophet, Priest and
 King ;

The co-eternal Word and Son of God,
 Nail'd to the cross, pours forth his precious
 blood,

To make our calling and election sure,
 Unequal'd torture did three hours endure
 In agonizing pain ; our blessed Lord
 Divine assistance fervently implor'd,
 Weaken'd with suffering, with anguish faint,
 To the Almighty made his loud complaint ;
 When now perceiving all things at an end,
 To the Eternal did his soul commend,
 Yielding in that tremendous hour his breath,
 Triumph'd victoriously o'er sin and death :
 The Heavens o'erspread with darkness at the
 stroke,

And the round world from its foundation shook,
 The

The rocks were rent, each Saint forsook his urn,
And universal Nature seem'd to mourn,
The sacred veil which hid the holy'st place,
Where the Almighty shew'd his glorious face,
Was at that dreadful moment rent in twain,
By hands unseen, to shew 'twas now in vain,
The great High Priest, with his own blood gone
in,
The last dread offering that aton'd for sin.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN LONDON, AT THE REQUEST
OF SOME OF THE
GENTLEMEN OF THE SHAKESPEAR
TAVERN,
ON THE ELECTION,

IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LXXXIV.

I.

THE parliament dissolv'd at length,
Petitions crowd the streets,
And broken members try their strength
To gain their former seats,
When canvassing they go.

II.

II.

Behold, * Sir, Would-be Eitherfide,
Who wore the foxes skin,
Till in respect to Reynard's hide
The people let him in,
When voting they did go.

III.

With pick-axe at the eagle's nest
He tries to beat alarms,
Nor let's the tired foldier rest †
On ought but shattered arms,
When saving you do go.

IV.

In him Iago's wights out-done,
If ever such wight were,
And still to keep up Shakespear's fun,
He chronicles small beer, §
When a saving he does go.

V.

* Sir Cecil Wray.

† He wanted to pull down Chelsea Hospital.

§ Sir Cecil Wray kept the key of his small beer himself.

V.

But what need Fox regard a rush
The senatorial whim,
The fair still faithful to his brush,
Will always vote for him,
When canvassing they go.

VI.

The fairest fair of Britain's isle, *
To grace the public weal,
For every vote bestows a smile
Of patriotic zeal,
When canvassing she goes.

VII.

And since Demosthenes alone
Had not address enough,
The secret influence all must own,
Was in the cunning muff,
When canvassing it went.

VIII.

* The Dutchess of Devonshire.

VIII.

Then fons of freedom to the brim,
Your jovial bumpers fill,
'Tis Fox's health, and those for him,
Who bring in plumpers still,
When canvassing they go.

IX.

And ever be the wretch disgrac'd
Who wantonly denies
The power of Heaven's artillery plac'd,
In Georgiana's eyes,
When canvassing they go.

X.

To Britain's health this sacred bowl,
And our desires be crown'd,
To keep her constitution whole,
And all her members sound,
When canvassing they go.

XI.

Now let each ruder breath be hush,
For Beauty is the toast,
Long may each Fair enjoy her brush,
And Fox the fancy boast,
When canvassing they go.

A

FREEMASON'S SONG.

BY DESIRE.

OUR secrets so rare,
The Ladies declare
They have not the hearts to refuse us ;
Then what can it be,
Which makes them agree,
Before every other to chuse us ?

The Fair one's we kifs,
Will not take it amifs,
By affecting to put a wry face on,
They'll ne'er make a fufs,
When they know 'tis the bufs
Of a Free and an Accepted Mafon.

Thus

Thus blest in ourselves,
 That the dear little elves,
 Bestow us such marks of affection,
 When danger is near,
 Tho' fops disappear,
 They are sure of a Mason's protection.

And the puff powder'd fools,
 Who make game of our tools,
 Are like consonants sure without vowels,
 For we're true to our words,
 And can handle our fwords,
 As well as our aprons and trowels.

War, women or wine,
 We never decline,
 Nor build on another's foundation;
 Tho' many project,
 What they cannot erect,
 Like a true and an Accepted Mason.

We never dispute,
Nor each other cornute,
We are honest without affectation;
And a Brother is sure,
His Wife's honour's secure,
'Tho' she slept in the arms of a Mason.

Thus in Friendship and Love,
And Building we prove
The virtues of our institution;
Then whatever's the plan,
A Mason's the man
To put it in just execution.

WRITTEN

(166)

W R I T T E N
ON THE
P R I N C E O F W A L E S ' s
B I R T H - D A Y ,

AT THE REQUEST OF SOME
G E N T L E M E N
WHO WERE
I N C O N F I N E M E N T .

THE rosy morning opens bright,
Let's drive away all care,
And crown the day with true delight,
That gave us England's heir,
Who toasting let us stay.

What tho' our bodies are confin'd,
Our soul's are all as free,
No garrison can hold the mind,
Itself's its liberty.

Then a drinking we will stay.

To

To celebrate the natal day,
Of GEORGE's eldest born,
Let souls forget their house of clay,
And every sorrow scorn,
To toast Britannia's Heir:

A N

E L E G Y

O N T H E

UNFORTUNATE DR. D O D D.

IF yet in grief an extasy be found,
 Where every sense but that of horror's drown'd;
 Where tears are pastime—if each swelling flood,
 O'ercharge its banks with aught but priestly
 blood :

Where Reason sits disorder'd on her throne,
 And hasten's Madness, with a frantic groan :
 Let such distress, blood-stain'd Britannia join,
 To mourn the great, th'unfortunate Divine !
 Judg'd be the Judge, who did his life destroy,
 In the meridian of divine employ,
 The muse's favorite and the people's joy.
 Justice for justice may their bosoms find,
 Who gave command his trembling arms to bind;
 Those

Those arms for ever open to receive
 His much lov'd flock, and all their wants relieve:
 Ah! why untimely did that pastor fall,
 Who labour'd more abundant than them all?
 That year acceptable in scripture nam'd,
 To set the prisoner free, DODD first proclaim'd.
 In every pious, every useful cause,
 Dodd was the first to merit just applause:
 How many did his care from drowning save,
 To smile triumphant on the baffl'd wave:
 Behold him now within a loathsome tomb,
 And seek in vain for justice in his doom:
 Say Judge, what edict human or divine,
 Was forg'd to make Dodd's punishment condign:
 Or rather say, but oh! what courtier dare,
 Dodd spoke such truths as Statesmen could not
 bear;
 For did the laws at holy frauds ne'er nod,
 'Thousands might die, tho' never preach like Dodd;
 Once more with Dodd, to the throng'd church
 we'll turn,
 And for awhile forget he's in the urn;

Z

There

There see him preaching to the assembl'd crowd,
 Not faint as Schoolboy, nor as Wesley loud :
 But text and argument and manner join,
 To shew the great, th' orthodox divine :
 Repentant showers now fall from ev'ry eye,
 While Dodd instructs them how to live and die :
 Nor of his God, before his King ashamed,
 Unaw'd by mortal power his will proclaim'd ;
 Such awful truths did Rome's Apostle teach,
 The difference only in their form and speech ;
 Next see him breaking with uplifted eyes,
 The living Bread, th' Eternal sacrifice ;
 While Saints with Sinners in communion join,
 And Human Nature tastes of the Divine ;
 That for great crimes still *greater* should atone,
 Is too absurd for Reason to let down ;
 Yet, for his death, they gave this righteous cause,
 That was he fav'd, they'd murdered the
Perreaus.

Thus with his care on Royal Mercy cast,
 And oft assur'd Death's bitterness was past,
 The deadly arrow reach'd his heart at last.

A dreadful change, yet how serenely great,
 Beyond the stoic's love he met his fate,
 Meekly he gave his soul's big sorrow scope,
 Nor did Presumption plume the wing of Hope;
 Great were his sufferings and with greatness

born,

For while his soul shrunk back from public
 scorn,

Forgiveness from resentment pluck'd the thorn.

And midst the strong convulsions of his soul,
 His meek deportment thro' the dreadful whole,

Of this great maxim did the truth reveal;

To bear as Christians what as men we feel:

But Faith held Mercy's golden sceptre forth,

To soothe the agonies of injured worth:

By his own house, in solemn horror brought,

As if his eye-lids could have shut out
 thought:

He closed them——*Manly*, will you ever dare

To think of mercy or to form a prayer?

Thy wiles seduc'd his undefining heart,

And led by thee, he play'd a childish part;

Practis'd

Praëis'd in arts, by which you hourly thrive,
 Four thousand pounds had sav'd him still alive:
 But fordid vice could ne'er asperse his fame,
 Nor fraud (at least intentional) lay claim
 To his indorsement; tho' ill-fat'd man
 Unwittingly he form'd a dang'rous plan;
 Great Men, like him, oft do, and suffer wrong,
 While knaves like you, in safety plod along.
 Torn from the bosom of his friends and wife,
 Behold your sacred victim yields his life:
 But who can paint the horrors of a day,
 When Death himself seem'd startl'd at his prey;
 In every human face was wrote despair,
 Why wept not Heaven?——Dodd was expected
 there.

In the year 1778, some invidious person, who signed himself A Barrister, had the temerity, in a Public Print, to accuse the Right Honourable Walter Hufley Burgh, with an intention to disconcert a Young Pleader, in his first discourse, by asking unnecessary questions of a junior lawyer who sat by him. This malevolent assertion being soon refuted, with great truth, spirit, and elegance, by a Young Lawyer, gave occasion to the following Poem, as an humble tribute, both to the Young Lawyer's integrity, and the shining virtues of the ever amiable, and now ever to be lamented Hufley Burgh.

WHOE'ER thou art, Young Lawyer, may'st
thou shine,

Like Burgh, whose virtues make him here divine,

Pursue his paths, and copy if you can,

Th' Almighty's image in his creature man;

I know his worth is too sublime to fear,

Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaffe or Gulliver,

Much less th' unfinish'd knaves pedantic sneer. }

But

But sure 'tis glorious to behold a youth,
 The pleasing advocate of angel truth ;
 Was silence requisite when youngster's rise,
 Prime Serjeant could discourse you with his eyes,
 In heav'nly orbs serenely bright they roll,
 And beam the beauties of their kindred soul,
 Too great to mind him yet too good to scorn,
 Th' angelic Burgh his pity would return,
 The would-be satire of a wretched elf,
 Whom *Fleetditch* genius * lur'd to lash himself,
 Whose words like Satan's jointless and ill-plac'd }
 (When to the warrior angel brought in haste)
 Argues no lawyer, but a liar trac'd. }
 For could the fiend our observation scape,
 It must be couching in a lawyer's shape ;
 The vile impostor to assume that name,
 With foul intention to asperse his fame,
 In whom with every graceful greatness blest,
 The partial workmanship of Heaven's confest ;

In

* Vide Pope's *Dunciad*.

In Burgh each noble sentiment's combin'd,
 That stamps true honour on the human mind,
 Grac'd by expreffion equally refin'd
 Endow'd with every requisite to please,
 His patriot spirit can with courtly ease,
 Stand forth the champion of Ierne's laws,
 And with refinement vindicate her cause.
 Had Royal George, e'er civil discord rag'd,
 Or Northern climes in hostile leagues engag'd,
 Sent Hufsey there, on whose pacific tongue,
 The melting mufic of perfuafion hung;
 Then had his crown blaz'd full upon his head,
 Nor one of all his fubject thoufands bled,
 In temp'rate climes fe curely they might dwell,
 Nor fear Boreas from his ftormy cell,
 Fair weather then had iffu'd from the North,
 And peace, like Aaron's rod, had budded forth;
 His words, his works, in every fenfe had wrought
 The glorious conquest of fubduing thought;
 Angels themfelves miftaking for their own
 His facred miniftrilfy, had downward flown

To

To join th' enraptur'd song, and once again
In their bright march, proclaim'd good-will to
men,

But Heaven for us that blessing did ordain,

To save Ierne from rebellion's stain.

The isle long injured is at length redress'd,

Of virtuous Freedom and a Burgh possess'd.

V E R S E S,

ADDRESSED TO

M I S S H E R B E R T,

DAUGHTER TO THE HON. MRS. HERBERT,

AND NOW MRS. CHALLENGOR.

On hearing her sing, "*Thou art gone away from me Mary.*"

SOFT, serious excellence, whose angel's tongue
Exceeds the lute, by tuneful Orpheus strung,
Whose words and actions with according grace,
Diffuse new beauties o'er thy charming face ;
That face, that like the firmament appears,
Thy smiles its sunshine and the rain thy tears,

Thy tender tears fall for another's woes,
As Heaven to bless mankind the rain bestows,

A a

Thy

Thy voice held ev'ry sorrow in suspense,
 And silent extasy o'erpower'd each sense ;
 Attun'd to harmony, my anxious breast
 Calm'd all within, and charm'd my soul to rest.

The hand that made you so divinely fair,
 Oh ! may it make you its peculiar care,
 Watch o'er your youth, and with a father's eye,
 Prevent each wish, and every want supply ;
 Give to thy honour'd mother's tender care,
 A happy daughter, and as wise as fair,

T O T H E S A M E,

ON HER GOING TO PASS THE

CHRISTMAS SEASON AT DESART,

THE SEAT OF HER UNCLE, LORD DESART,

IN THE YEAR 1779.

I.

THO' in love, to please the lover,
Poets sum up every joy,
Yet in friendship you'll discover,
Charms that please but never cloy.

II.

Go then Fanny, blooming creature,
Go and make the Desart smile,
And with the sunshine of each feature,
Winter's dreary months beguile.

A N

A N

A C R O S T I C.

M A Y all that's blisful in life's genial spring,
A ttend her steps, who tho' unseen I sing;
R efistless fancy pictures ever near,
Y outh as the morning, blooming, and as fair.

P ossess'd of Nature's every growing grace,
A faultless figure, and an angel's face;
U niting virtues deck her Virgin mind,
L ovely belov'd, and amiably refin'd.

(181)

A

S O N G,

FOR A

B E N E F I T P L A Y

FOR

D I S T R E S S E D M A S O N S.

I.

ON life's great stage the Mason's part
Has ever been with hand and heart,
To justify their claim;
To fervent friendship's holy fire,
And ev'ry glorious great desire,
That wins immortal fame.

II

II.

At Beauty's shrine this night we bow,
And mingling love with friendship's vow,
Our grateful hearts attest,
That Beauty's self received a charm,
From melting Pity's snowy arm,
That foils the Cyprian vest.

(183)

A

P R A Y E R,

FOR THE RECOVERY OF OUR MOST

GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS,

IN THE YEAR, M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

O KING of Kings! whose everlasting reign,
The frame of Heaven and Nature does sustain,
Thou who to mourning Judah lent thine ear,
And spar'd their much-lov'd king when death
was near;
Spare, Gracious Father, King Eternal, spare
Our Sacred Sovereign to our ardent pray'r.

Look

Look on the face of thine anointed Lord,
 And heal his bruises by thy pow'rful word;
 Speak to his soul in Mercy's still small voice,
 And in thy strength let him again rejoice.

Remember, we beseech thee now, O! God,
 How all his life thy upright paths he trod,
 Behold our supplication and our tears,
 And to that life add many—many years.

Forgive those sins which bow his awful head,
 And to the partner of his throne and bed,
 That more than woman, or of all the best,
 Restore the Monarch of her spotless breast.
 Behold, O God! with an unclouded face,
 Their kindred spirits at the Throne of Grace,
 Present the censor of their people's prayer,
 And, to its honest warmth, their Sovereign
 spare;
 Nurs'd in his people's arms, O! let them see
 The ripe old age of home-born Majesty;

Back

Back to his Councils—Children—People,
bring

The Friend—the Father—and the much lov'd
King——

His life, his health, his faculties restore,
And bless us with his perfect self once more.

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A N

E L E G Y,

O N T H E

A U T H O R ' s S O N ,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, THE THIRD DAY
OF SEPTEMBER, 1789.

THIS day, my Son, in each revolving year,
Recording mem'ry sheds the parting tear,
The tear, which falling on thy lifeless face,
Seal'd a distract'd mother's last embrace.
My Son, my only Son, my soul's delight,
Pride of my heart and blessing of my sight;
At thought of thee, in vain thy mother tries,
To quell the briny torrent of her eyes,
My melting soul to Recollection's sway,
Yields every faculty an easy prey,

In

In ev'ry infant male I strive to trace,
 The heav'nly sweetness of my Gaspard's face,
 I kiss the pillow thy dear cheeks have prest,
 And hug each lifeless relic to my breast;
 Blest as thou art beyond all human thought,
 Didst thou but know how often I have sought
 (My o'ercharg'd soul with frenzy'd wishes warm,)
 In some lone chamber to descry thy form,
 Extatic bliss awhile thou would'st forego,
 One bright, one soothing visit to bestow,
 And with the smile of blessedness impart
 Strength to my faith, and healing to my heart.
 O! savage Death, could not that angel smile,
 On which his parents liv'd, thy rage beguile?
 Inhuman shade, to quench the sparkling light
 Of those dear eyes, that sed his mother's sight,
 But know, grim shadow, thou shalt yet receive,
 A wound more mortal than thy pow'r can give.
 Yes, ruthless tyrant, every human tear,
 That bathes the victims of thy vengeance here
 Shall be reveng'd on thy insatiate spear.

That

That spear which pierc'd the Son of God and
 Man,

When from his side the purple current ran!
 O! thought, surpassing every human woe,
 And did the blood of God's begotten flow,
 While the chaste vessel destin'd to perform
 His voyage to Nature, rock'd beneath the storm?
 And shall a wretch, a sinful wretch like me,
 Presume to murmur at his wise decree?
 Who pre-ordain'd from his auspicious birth,
 My Son should go unspott'd from the earth?
 O God! that gave me such a Son, inspire
 My trembling breast with faith's celestial fire,
 In her bright landscape teach my streaming
 eyes,

To see my children's angel forms arise
 On Sion's mount, amid the shining throng,
 That tend the lamb and sing the mystic song.
 Clad in white robes, I see the spotless band,
 Crowns on each head, and palms in every hand.
 O! God of faithfulness my faith increase,
 And speak rebelling Nature into peace,

Of ev'ry doubt my fault'ring bosom clear,
 And make the off'ring it presents sincere;
 And O! great God of little children spare,
 To a fond mother's agonizing prayer,
 The two dear little ones, beside whose bed
 My prayers are offer'd, and my tears are shed;
 Spare them, O! God, and as their years increase,
 Direct their steps into the paths of peace,
 Thro' life's dark journey, with thy guardian
 care,
 Preserve them, gracious God, from every snare,
 So shall my babes, indu'd with heavenly force,
 Fight the good fight, and finish well their course.

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A

S O N G,

F O R T H E

FREEMASON'S ANNUAL MEETING,

IN HONOUR OF THEIR GRAND MASTER.

Addressed to JOHN PEREE, Esq. Deputy Grand Master,

WRITTEN, JUNE 23, M.DCC.XC.

I.

THIS night ever sacred, we Masons employ,
In building fresh altars to Friendship and Joy,
Confirming the past, we the present improve,
And the mortar of justice we temper with love,

II.

Ye Sons of the Craft then fill up to the brim,
A bumper of health and good wishes to him,

Our

Our noble Grand Master whose spirit and zeal,
Still supports the true Craft and enlarges its
weal.

C H O R U S.

His health then, his health then, his health then,
encore,
Till the Lodges with echo resound Donoghmore.

III.

The union of gentleness, virtue and ease,
With looks that convey an intention to please,
Prove his breast the Grand Lodge of Affection
and Truth,
Where the ripeness of Age, crowns the blossoms
of youth.

IV.

From his form let the artists unanimous trace,
The beams of true beauty, and lines of true grace,
The Fabric declares, the great artist design'd,
His form as a mirror, to look at his mind.

V.

V.

That Artist who gave to the morning its robe,
Stretch'd the line of creation and centr'd the
globe,
Who spoke, and the building of Nature began,
And prov'd the first Mason to be the first Man.

VI.

Thus from Grand Master Adam's masonic clay,
We boast the Grand Master we're blest with to-day,
His health then, his health then, his health then,
encore,
Till the Lodges with echo resound Donoghmore.

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L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO

T H O M A S Q U I N, E s q.

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

MAY every fervent Happiness betide
The favour'd Bridegroom, and his charming
Bride;
Yet, may those rapid joys, that dancing wait
The ardent period of the bridal state,
With all their boasted poignancy, give way
To the calm blessings of a future day,
When chaste Desire, espous'd by Reason's voice,
For ever young, confirms Affection's choice;
When each dear duty gilds domestic life,
And the Bride finds a rival in the Wife;
When new endearments add delight to care,
And lisping cherubs climb their father's chair;

C c

Then

Then while you print the parent's eager kiss,
And your full souls dissolve in virtuous bliss,
To bless the auspicious hour may both combine,
That made THEE hers, and Charlotte ever
THINE.

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L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO

COLONEL CRADDOCK,

ON HIS BEING ORDERED TO JOIN HIS REGIMENT,

MAY Fame and Fortune, eagle-ey'd,
Unfold to thee their charms,
Their envious covering throw aside,
And quarter on thy arms.

II.

Should Britain give the awful word,
To scourge the Spaniards' pride,
May Victory wed thy faithful sword,
And Prudence ever guide.

TO

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TO THE

M E M O R Y

OF THE LATE

SURGEON EDWARDS.

GONE to that Heaven, from which thy soul
first caught,
The warmth of goodness, and the flow of
thought,
From Fortune's frowns, may each surviving
friend,
Thy widow, Edwards, and thy babes defend,
As far as Friendship can their pangs assuage,
May all its tenderest offices engage.
But, O! what charm can Friendship's self
impart,
To soothe the recent anguish of her heart?

Whose

Whose pillow now no longer can invite
 To mutual happiness and chaste delight;
 A mother's fondness can alone have pow'r,
 Tho' pointing, to sustain Affliction's hour,
 Thy children's helpless state alone can give,
 The balm of Patience, and the wish to live;
 And may that God, who hears each sili'd groan,
 That God, who makes the Widows cause his own,
 May he himself, proportion'd strength impart,
 To soothe thy sorrows and support thy heart.

L I N E S

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO

MR. SAMUEL WHYTE,

OF GRAFTON-STREET.

O! THOU, whose learning, soften'd and
refin'd

By Taste and Genius, lifts the human mind
To that bright eminence, where holy truth
Gives the fair garland to assiduous youth.

Thou, whose ennobling verse bestow'd the
mead,

On Female merit, nor disdain'd to plead

Our

Our injur'd cause, so overwhelm'd with blame ;
 It lay like Chancery when Fitzgibbon came,
 Till with true attic salt you purg'd away
 " The drop serene, that quench'd its visual ray,"
 With generous ardor rais'd its drooping head,
 And round it all the ravish'd laurels spread,
 Which low-brow'd Ignorance, had rudely torn
 To plant instead, pale Envy's venom'd thorn,
 Thou, who (possessing equal truth and force
 To guide or mount the Pegasus horse)
 Hast shewn the line which Nature drew between
 Domestic drudg'ry, and the happier scene
 Of polish'd life, where lib'ral science drest
 By female fancy, gives the genuine zest
 To every virtue in the human breast. }
 To Thee, the humblest handmaid of the Nine,
 Sues for the sanction of one fav'ring line ;
 From Thee, thou Johnson, of the present age,
 My heart hopes friendship to my humble page,
 Whose verse thro' Johnson's name first glow'd
 with pride,
 Liv'd while he liv'd, and sicken'd when he died ;

Lay

Lay long neglected, nor e'er hop'd to raise,
 From off his tomb the embryotic bays;
 Till call'd by Friendship, it revives once more
 To pant for BEING on its native shore.

For this I deprecate each fav'ring pow'r,
 To smile propitious on its natal hour;
 But chiefly thou, the long establish'd choice,
 Of clear ey'd Reason, and the public voice;
 To thee, my wishes move their fond appeal,
 Whose truth to judge and tenderness to feel,
 Will calm the terrors of an anxious muse,
 Her motives urge, and her defects excuse;
 To 'scape from censure, I'd resign applause,
 While humbly pleading my own helpless cause.
 I here aver, that from my infant state,
 I have been made the chequer-work of fate;
 My earliest hopes were with my father lost,
 And till this juncture every other cross'd.

Shield

Shield then, dear Sir, my trembling Muse
from blame,
And hide the Critic, in the Friend's dear name.
So shall the public voice each fault forgive,
And bid her fugitive effusions live.

Fade-Street,
October 19, 1790.

D d

TO

L I N E S,

B Y

SAMUEL WHYTE, Esq.

OF GRAFTON-STREET,

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

FAIR sufferer! charm'd, I read thy partial
lines,

Where bright the ray of native genius shines;
And from thy lips, delighted, more have heard,
Which beggar praise, and soar beyond reward:
But tho' thy flowing strains my pen invite,
Why shouldst thou tempt the Press? ah!
wherefore write?

If gilded laurels lure thy vent'rous muse,
A slipp'ry path, and dang'rous, she pursues.

From

From critic rancour and the fangs of spleen,
 Thy gentle spirit, what, alas ! shall screen ?
 When Milton fail'd, what merit can engage
 A loose, luxurious, vain and trifling age ?
 The lovely Seward, born to letter'd ease,
 Skill'd to instruct mankind as well as please,
 (For Envy with desert admits no truce,
 Where most the bays were due) incurr'd abuse.
 If thou must write, and would thy works disperse,
 Write novels, sermons, any thing but Verse ;
 There's chance in either way, thou mayst succeed,
 For Matrons sermons, Misses novels read :
 And those who sermons tire, if decent print
 A novel take, so nothing's wicked in't,
 The curious virgin, blooming smart sixteen,
 Obtains the treasure and attacks it keen ;
 Each page she turns, some fertile scene displays,
 To fan her hopes—her vanity to raise ;
 And when the heroine's thrown upon the shelf,
 She gives a new edition in herself.

Proof after proof Imagination warms,
 Young Rakehell comes, dress'd in ideal charms,
 And half unask'd, she leaps into his arms. }
 But, oh! the sad reverse—perhaps a wife,
 Illusion's fled, and she a wretch for life.
 Unheeded this, the strange eventful tale,
 Wild and distorted, meets a ready sale.
 Some claim regard, and I might name a few,
 By Birney written, or suppose by you ;
 Scarcely a reader but with interest finds,
 Time well repaid, by Burrows and by Hinds ;
 And wouldst thou with the pleasing mingle pith,
 Read the Recess, and vie with Charlotte Smith,
 Author's emoluments who most excel,
 Their staple friends, the Booksellers can tell.
 Rhyme is at best an unproductive trade,
 By speedier means are princely fortunes made,
 Subscriptions, Fortune for her minions meant,
 No poem ever yet brought cent. per cent,

There

There is a kind of authorship, in which
 Adepts start up, and instantly grow rich;
 To trim thy little lamp, and furnish oil,
 Make use of lott'ry ink, and study Hoyle,
 Whoever in that onward track aspires,
 No fund of taste, no classic lore requires;
 If well he know, that two and three make five,
 The less his genius, the more sure to thrive;
 Great folks themselves, if thou to greatness look,
 Encourage Hoyle, and read the Lott'ry Book.
 But if subscriptions still be thy resource,
 Think not unruffled thou shalt run the course,
 Try high and low, through court and country
 range,
 Friendship with times, with fortunes manners
 change;
 They who thy warm prosperity would grace,
 Touch but their purse, will curse thee to thy
 face.
 Let those who would disarm Reflections' sting,
 A writ of error in their conduct bring.

Parnassus's

Parnassus' flow'ry haunts and Pindus shades,
 Lie all deserted by the Aonian maids ;
 Along the banks of clear meand'ring stream,
 No favour'd Poets of Elysium dream ;
 The pow'rs of song that charm'd the world of
 yore,
 Save by a few like thee, are felt no more ;
 Even Love—inspirer of the tuneful breast,
 Is lost in av'rice, and become a jest.

Time was, when wealth and honour crown'd
 the verse,
 To rocks and deserts modern bards rehearse ;
 They might as well impress the bounding deer,
 As gain attention from a modish ear :
 These halcyon times Mecænas sees more wit,
 In one fat haunch than all that Virgil writ ;
 More to his gust, tho' it might task his skill,
 To scan the heroics of a tavern bill ;
 Or quaint conceit, oft coin'd before, to coin,
 A needless passport to the bumper'd wine,

Or

Or squeak a catch—oh! how divine they sing,
 For Bourdeaux now's the Heliconian spring;
 While wond'ring bards, who seldom get a taste,
 See purse proud vintners with their laurels
 grac'd.

Wide is the difference, to experience plain,
 'Twixt talents in the pocket and the brain,
 And those profusely with the first suppli'd,
 Their slender quota of the latter hide.
 Full thirty funs, Heav'n knows, with ceaseless
 toil

I have cultivated an ungrateful soil,
 And my best pains to fill a leaky pate,
 Has been for worship, oft repaid with hate!
 So are the Master's care and wholesome rule,
 Spelt and misconstru'd by the Golden Fool.

The Muse I courted, answer'd every end
 To soothe a vacant hour, or please a friend;
 No interest, expectation did inflame,
 I lost in labour, what I gain'd in fame,

My

My lot allows for few amusements time,
 Perhaps the most excus'able is rhyme;
 In Bacchus' orgies I can bear no part,
 Nor scarcely know a *di'mond* from a *heart*;
 And if ambition aught on earth could raise,
 'Tis to be prais'd, by those deserving praise;
 Hope's brightest prospects realiz'd, be thine,
 As every wish for thy success is mine!

SAMUEL WHYTE.

Dublin, Grafton-Street, No. 75,

October 23, 1790.

F I N I S.

S U P P L E M E N T

TO THE

F O R E G O I N G.

E o

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

1912

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING.

T O T H E

LADY OF THE REV. DOCTOR RYAN.

On reading a POEM written by her on CONTENTMENT.

MAY that Content you sing so sweet,
Make thy abode its lov'd retreat ;
And may those eyes whose beams dispense,
Good-humour temper'd with good sense,
Their wont'd vigour re-assume,
And perfect light their orbs * illumine,
'Till every sense as perfect be
As is the soul-felt harmony
That breathes throughout each flowing line,
Which paints Content, and proves it THINE.

T H E

* Mrs. RYAN's sight had suffer'd much by illness.

T H E A U T H O R

BEING HONoured WITH THE

F O L L O W I N G R E P L Y,

Could not resist the Gratification of publishing it.

BUT seldom does the Muse invite
A genius dull like mine to write,
Excepting gratitude inspire
And kindle some poetic fire,
Even both united little do,
Yet prompt me thus to write to you;
To thank you for those pleasing lines,
Where Genius well as Friendship shines;
And could my pen with equal ease,
Secure like your's, a pow'r to please,
It should not to a friend confine,
But please the public with each line.

ELIZA RYAN.

T H E

T H E

A N S W E R.

WITH grateful joy my eyes pursue,
 The strings of kindness touch'd by You ;
 Yet tho' my heart disdains to hide,
 How much your verses feed its pride,
 How much the sweetness you have penn'd,
 Exalts the Muse, by adding Friend ;
 Yet still I must, and will accuse
 Your want of Candour with the Muse,
 Who waits the happy moment when
 Her dear ELIZA takes the pen,
 Then gives it ev'ry grace and ease,
 With which the pow'r of song can please.
 Deny not then the boon of Heav'n,
 But freely give as thou art giv'n.

HENRIETTA BATTIER.

THE

T H E

R E J O I N D E R.

WHEN every trifle thus I write,
Brings back some verses that delight ;
Surely 'twere folly to decline
A task so valu'ble as mine,
I truly may be well content
When you repay me cent. per cent.
But for a thought which now and then
Occurs, when I take up my pen,
That 'tis not gen'rous thus to use,
The special fav'rite of the Muse ;
Then let her aid me when I write
To make the off'ring of my mite,
Accepted as a tribute due,
Tho' not a recompence to you ;

Mistake

Mistake me not, I'll ne'er accuse
 A want of friendship in the Muse,
 Who ever did, and must delight,
 To dwell where Taste with Sense unite ;
 Yet now and then she condescends
 To visit plain and humble friends,
 Without the ornament of dress,
 Lest too much splendor might distress
 A friend that's only plain and neat,
 With whom she means to take a seat,
 To chat awhile and trim their fire,
 And gratify their fond desire ;
 Tho' thus to me she humbly pays,
 A visit on some lonely days,
 And thus encourages to write,
 Before she's waisted out of sight.

ELIZA RYAN.

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TO THE
L A D Y
OF THE
REV. DOCTOR RYAN,

ON PASSING AN EVENING AT HER HOUSE,

O! favour'd child of Taste and Truth,
Child of the Muses early youth;
While brilliant sparks around me flew
(From wit personify'd in You,)
On downy pinions Time withdrew.
Thy social converse smooth'd his brow,
He travell'd on, but knew not how,
Of all his leaden weights beguil'd,
The hoary vet'ran flew and smil'd.

When

When I came home the tell-tale clock,
 Eleven times had boldly struck ;
 Where were you, Harriot, William cry'd !
 At Poet's Corner, (I reply'd,) }
 Where Genius dwells, devoid of pride :
 Where Worth, and Wit, and Sense unite,
 And make their duty their delight ;
 Where Wit to real Learning wed,
 Enriches both the heart and head ;
 Where Edward loves Eliza more,
 Than Learning ere lov'd Wit before,
 And where that love, Eliza own'd,
 For loss of even fight aton'd ;
 Converted pain into delight,
 And purify'd her mental fight.

O ! may the joys of virtuous love,
 Your happy moments still improve ;
 May Fortune, liberal as the Muse,
 With smiling Plenty still diffuse,
 The choicest gifts from out her hoard,
 Around Eliza's friendly board,

F f

While

While Genius in its birth-day vest,
By dear Eliza's fancy drest,
With peace and joy, and health conspire,
To sparkle round her chearful fire.

HENRIETTA BATTIER.

*Saturday Morning,
One o' Clock.*

IN CONTINUATION.

THIS day's subscription labor's o'er,
 The * *New Mill Horse* came home at four ;
 But, O ! how pleas'd and proud to see,
 The kind epistle penn'd by thee ;
 My husband (now a critic grown)
 Desir'd I'd let the pen alone ;
 For in your letter, ev'ry line
 In merit, took the lead of mine ;
 I own that what he said is true,
 But tho' I ne'er shall equal You,
 Yet still the humble subjects claim
 A secondary right to fame,
 As real genius will not choose,
 A worthless subject for the Muse,
 And frequent offerings, such as thine,
 Would soon enrich the poorest shrine.

To

* A burlesque title for Pegasus.

To thee, indeed, the powers of song,
 In all their vary'd notes belong,
 Nor can I answer as I ought
 Thy last dear lines, 'till every thought
 Like those (which easy, bright and free)
 In quick succession wait on thee,
 Inspire my Muse and guide my pen,
 'Tis then, my dear Eliza, then,
 In numbers I'll resign the bays,
 So justly purchas'd by thy lays,
 And with the heav'nly Muses leave
 The glowing garland help to weave ;
 Then tie it up with Friendship's vow,
 And place it on Eliza's brow.

HENRIETTA BATTIER.

Saturday Evening,
Five o'Clock.

T O

MRS. BATTIER.

SINCE both our husbands are agreed,
That we no longer should proceed,
I take my pen with grief to tell,
That now I write a long farewell.
For oft my Edward does declare,
Eliza, you are grown severe ;
A little idle imp like you,
May write who've nothing else to do,
But thus to trespass on her time,
Is truly what I call a crime,

With

With which I never can dispense,
 'Tis void of friendship, well as sense ;
 For tho' she answers every line,
 With graces that so far outshine
 Each weak and poor attempt of thine ;
 We cannot wonder, when agreed,
 That Poets always best succeed
 In fiction, when the fancy flows
 Without restraint, where'er she goes,
 And they are licens'd by the Muse,
 To stray from truth whene'er they chuse ;
 But should I thus attempt to soar
 To sense, I might return no more ;
 For when we oft with fancy stray,
 We lose our senses by the way ;
 And therefore I to truth confine,
 Which you may see in each dull line.
 Then prithee, take a friend's advice,
 And weave no garland in a trice,
 Assist not in a task so vain,
 Or well the Muses may complain ;

Besides

Befides the world may plainly fee,
The garland ne'er was made for me ;
My temples muft with truth difown,
And prove the garland was thy own.

ELIZA RYAN.

T O

MRS. R Y A N,

AND must I bid farewell so soon,
 My heart was up, my lyre in tune,
 Your servant, I by instinct knew,
 My heart to meet thy letter flew;
 When that cold icy word farewell,
 Toll'd out the Muse's passing bell.
 I own, dear Doctor, 'tis a crime,
 To trespass on *Eliza's* time,
 Eliza must not waste on *Me*,
 What love monopoliz'd for *Thee*;
 Eliza, is not that the crime,
 Which made you sermonize in rhyme?
 But fiction I deny at large,
 And boldly answer to the charge;

That

That from the days of early youth,
 My pen has never stray'd from truth;
 Each image I from nature drew,
 And wrote my real thoughts of you;
 Women with judgment may dispense,
 But wit and ease and real sense
 In charming concord still combine,
 To mark ELIZA's every line ;
 The very lines I'm answ'ring prove,
 How much the heav'nly sisters love,
 To tune for thee the trembling lyre
 And fill thee with poetic fire ;
 But if the garland you should spurn,
 The vow of Friendship you return ;
 Disdain not then the wreath I send,
 Tho' woven by an humble friend,
 And ev'ry laurel you bestow
 • Shall proudly crown my grateful brow.'

HENRIETTA BATTIER.

T O

MRS. B A T T I E R.

BUT why report the Muse was dead;
 Is it because she wisely fled
 From dullness, which could ne'er agree
 With spirit, sense and energy?
 Come, come, my friend, acknowledge true,
 'The Muse is well and dwells with you;
 Nor can I wonder at her choice,
 The public also will rejoice,
 The gen'rous Muse is gone to dwell,
 Where sense and genius both excel;
 But pray give EDWARD what's his due,
 'Tis what he ne'er denies to you;
 His gen'rous heart, with candour fraught,
 Disdains a false unworthy thought,

And

And "loss of time" too well he knew
 Was the sad lot must fall to you ;
 And can you then my EDWARD blame,
 Who wish'd to save ELIZA's fame ;
 For when small things appear with great,
 I need not tell you what's their fate :
 And should I let the pen alone,
 Ne'er think that I, ungrateful grown,
 Am less oblig'd by what you write,
 Which cannot fail to bring delight.
 Until ELIZA's void of sense,
 And wants a taste for elegance ;
 'Till then, indeed, she must admire,
 Your ever bright poetic fire.

ELIZA RYAN.

TO

MRS. R Y A N,

DEPRIV'D of things we value most,
 Our senses feel a numbing frost ;
 I therefore thought the Muse was dead,
 When you return'd her humble mead ;
 But now acknowledge, frank and free,
 That all alive she visits me ;
 'Tis in ELIZA's shape she comes,
 Relax'd from cards, and routes, and drums ;
 Nor do I wonder at her choice,
 To speak thro' fair ELIZA's voice ;
 Where sense and truth and fancy warm,
 Gives every word a nameless charm ;
 And sure the Doctor got his due,
 When Heav'n, well pleas'd, bestow'd him You ;
 I know

I know his soul is fully fraught,
 With ev'ry noble, gen'rous thought;
 His friends, his flock, this truth set forth,
 Whose grateful feelings speak his worth;
 And "loss of time" he never knew,
 Who spends it between Heav'n and You.
 O! may those spotless gems of fame,
 For ever deck ELIZA's name!
 And may thy EDWARD live to prove,
 Long smiling years of happy love!
 Friend of my heart, if what I write
 Obliges you, 'tis my delight,
 Nor will I throw the pen aside,
 Which taste like your's vouchsafes to guide;
 For rest assur'd, my grateful lyre
 Receives from thine electric fire.

HENRIETTA BATTIER.

A

R I D D L E.

BY something form'd, I nothing am,
 Yet every thing that you can name ;
 In no place have I ever been,
 Yet every where I may be seen ;
 In all things false, yet always true,
 I'm still the same, but ever new ;
 Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
 Can shew a nose, eye, tongue and ear,
 Yet neither smell, see, taste or hear :
 All shapes and features I can boast,
 No flesh, no bone, no blood, no ghost,
 All colours without paint put on,
 And change like the camelion ;

Swiftly

Swiftly I come, and enter there,
 Where not a chink lets in the air;
 Like thought I'm in a moment gone,
 Nor can I ever be alone;
 All things on earth I imitate,
 Faster than nature can create;
 Sometime imperial robes I wear,
 Anon, in beggars rags appear;
 A giant now, and strait an elf,
 I'm ev'ry one, but ne'er myself;
 Ne'er sad, I mourn, ne'er glad, rejoice,
 I move my lips, but want a voice;
 I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die—
 Then prithee tell me—Who am I?

ANOTHER

A N O T H E R
R I D D L E.

A THING, without which 'tis my real
belief,

A cook seldom dresses a sirloin of beef,
And a song, which (altho' it may seem a
strange thing)

No one person living could ever yet sing;
Is the name of a man who holds a high place
Tho' his friendship perhaps may be thought a
disgrace.

An

L I N E S I M P R O M P T U,

ON THE DEATH OF

M R S. T E M P L E E M M E T.

A W H I L E in misery's vale detain'd
The weeping Anna lay,
At length the chrystal fountain's drain'd,
Her foul forfook its clay.
Her ashes piously inurn'd,
The spirit free as air,
To Heav'n, its native Heav'n return'd,
And met her Temple there.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page Line

- 15— 4 for soldiers *read* soldier.
39— 5 *read* grief does our ideas fwell.
77— 1 for thine *read* thy.
—— 10 for night *read* light.
81— 5 for impregnant *read* impregn'd.
144— 18 for the *read* thy.
145— 13 for impregnant *read* impregn'd.
212— 3 *read* except where grateful thoughts
conspire.
213— 4 for and *read* to.
215— 13 for tho' *read* 'tis.
-

N. B. The *Riddle* and *Enigma* were sent by
correspondents.
